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March

Poetic licence is all very well, but you would be ill-advised to emulate the archer who shot his arrow into the air without, so far as we can find, taking any interest in its subsequent career. Such carefree abandon would have won for you no praise at Agincourt or Crecy; neither—coming nearer home—would it commend you to any modern company of archers, of which there exist many more than you think. For archery is an ancient and an honourable sport—and one, moreover, that has added something to the language. *Exempli Gratia*: The Midland Bank is as 'straight as an arrow'; its resources are such that its 'bolt' is never 'spent'; and in the service it offers, it has 'many strings to its bow'. . . . This exercise in toxophilic metaphor (no doubt as tiring to read as it was to write) practically exhausts our knowledge of the subject. Our customers will agree, however, that at least we have not been guilty in it of 'pulling the long bow'.

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Wood engraving by John Farleigh

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
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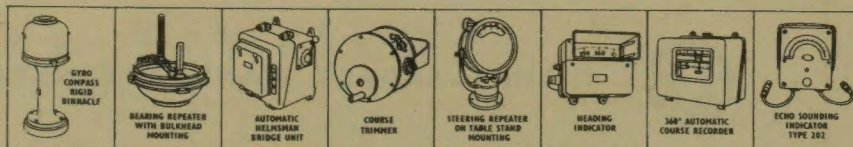
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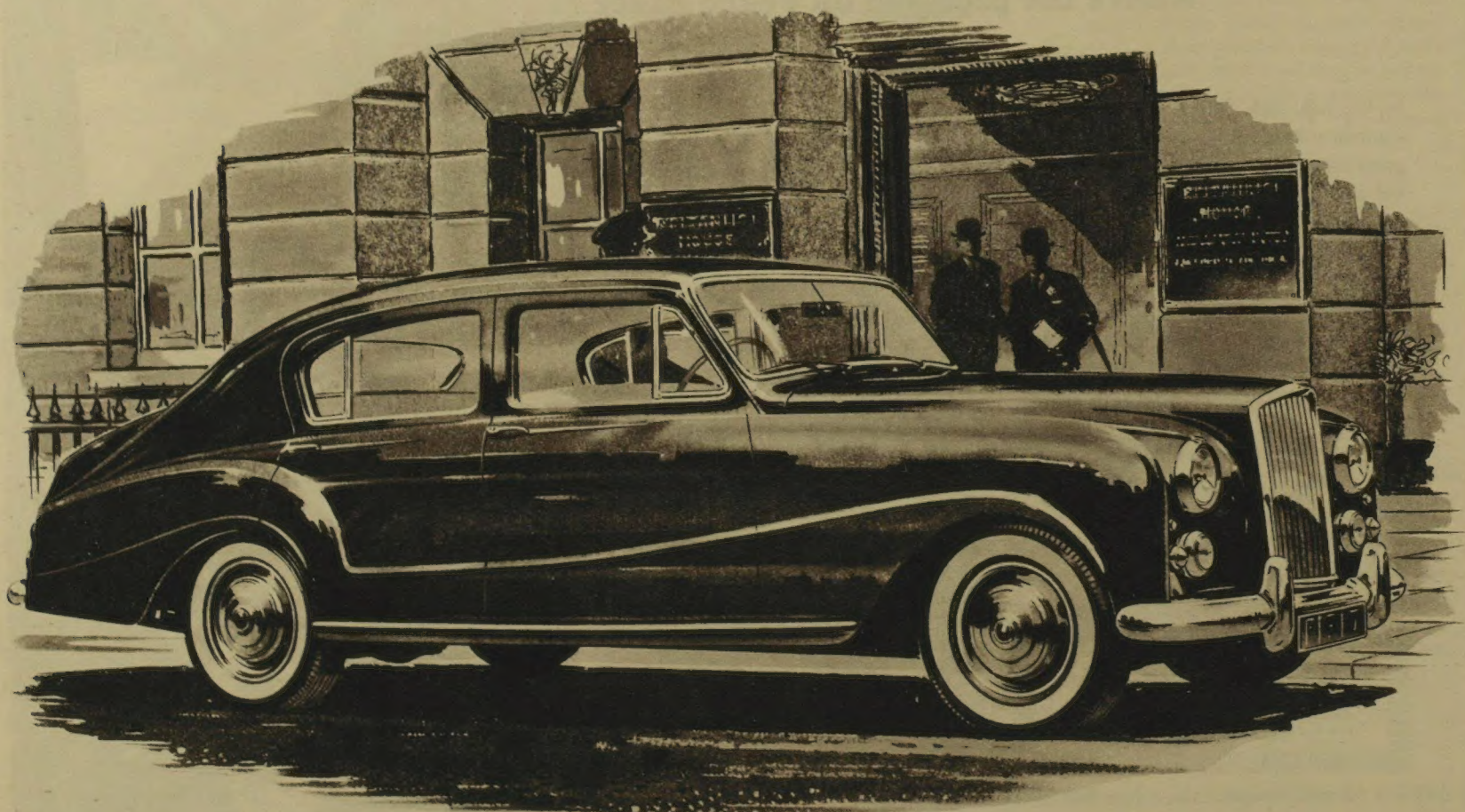
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SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1958.



THE HOUSE AT ROQUEBRUNE UPON WHICH THE EYES OF THE WORLD HAVE BEEN FOCUSED: "VILLA LA PAUSA," WHERE SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL'S ILLNESS CREATED ANXIETY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

A bulletin issued on February 19 from the "Villa La Pausa" at Roquebrune, in the South of France, where Sir Winston Churchill has been staying as the guest of Mr. Emery Reves, the publisher, created anxiety throughout the world. It stated that Sir Winston was suffering from pneumonia at the base of the lung and pleurisy. The bulletin was signed by Lord Moran, his personal physician, who had flown from London earlier in the day, and Dr. David Roberts, of Monte Carlo. Subsequent bulletins spoke of a "very definite improvement" in Sir Winston's condition and said his progress was satisfactory. The reports from the Riviera villa, where the eighty-three-year-old elder statesman was confined to bed, spoke of him as being in good spirits,

arguing with his doctor and reading and attending to correspondence. Letters and telegrams of good wishes to Sir Winston have been pouring into Roquebrune from all over the world. Staying at "La Pausa" with Sir Winston was Miss Sarah Churchill, who flew there from Hollywood on February 7, and Lady Churchill, who arrived from London on February 18. Mr. Montague Browne, Sir Winston's private secretary, said on February 22 that "Although Sir Winston is confined to bed, his activities are not far from normal." On February 23 so many reporters and photographers gathered outside the gates of the villa, hoping for some news, that Mr. Montague Browne came out and said that "there was no anxiety" about the patient.

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By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THAT shrewd and understanding student of England and her institutions, Benjamin Disraeli, once remarked that in this country the possessor of power has always sooner or later become an object of popular jealousy and ultimately of hatred, and has so forfeited that power. Our history suggests that, by and large, this is true. Thus, in the Middle Ages the Church, which started by being immensely popular and became, as a result, immensely wealthy and powerful, gradually lost that popularity because of its very power and wealth, and so in the early fifteenth century suffered the destruction of these, too. The Crown, which principally succeeded to that power and wealth, suffered the same process 150 years later, when its high claims and exercise of powers, formerly founded on Tudor popularity, were denied and attacked under the Stuarts by a House of Commons of country gentry and lawyers sustained by popular jealousy of the Crown. Thereafter it became the turn of the greater landed aristocracy, who in the eighteenth century enjoyed, with popular assent, a wealth and power such as few aristocracies have ever known. For these proud nobles embarked on their era of glory and prosperity as the heroes of England, the popular champions who had brought about the "Glorious Revolution" of 1688 and saved the country from wooden shoes, dragoons and cardinals. But by the early nineteenth century they, too, had become objects of popular jealousy. The Reform Bill of 1832 was the expression of that jealousy; its primary purpose, and of the riots that preceded it, was to end the control of the House of Commons by the greater territorial magnates. It succeeded and their place was taken by the general body of squirearchy—Disraeli's "gentlemen of England"—and, increasingly, of the manufacturers, merchants and bankers—the Forsytes of Galsworthy's upper middle class Saga—of the new industrial and commercial Britain. These were still the lords of the English scene when I was born. They, too, in their respective spheres, the shires and the city and manufacturing districts, had enjoyed popular approval and honour, but their wealth and power quickly created jealousy in new classes which, gaining the ear of the nation, have since toppled them from their comfortable, self-assured thrones. And now it is the turn of others to enjoy wealth and power and, by doing so, to arouse envy in those whose support gave them that wealth and power. Like their predecessors in their heyday, they themselves do not see that there is any term set to their rule and prosperity. But I do not believe that time stands still or that the laws of history have ceased to operate.

Far called our navies melt away
On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo! all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre

remains true, not only of nations, but of classes and professions and persons, of all mortal dust, that is.

Among the monopolists of wealth and power to-day are the proprietors, editors and managers of the national Press. With the Civil Service and Trades Union Chiefs they rank high among the "Nabobs" of our age. Their wealth and power are founded on popularity, and it probably never occurs to most of them—for they are by profession practical men with little time or inclination to consider historical processes—that that popularity can wane or there can be any term to it. It is still a

comparatively new thing; within the lifetime of men and women still living, the popular national Press, as we know it to-day, did not exist. The circulations of their newspapers, in their own estimation their supreme glory, are based, the Press magnates would contend with reason, on popular choice and favour, and their circulations are measured in millions. How, then, they might ask, could they become objects of national jealousy and dislike, seeing that such multitudes of their fellow-countrymen daily and, in the great cities, twice daily, shower their pennies—or, rather, twopenny-halfpennies—on them?

THE QUEEN MOTHER IN AUSTRALIA.



SOON AFTER HER ARRIVAL FROM NEW ZEALAND ON FEBRUARY 14: THE QUEEN MOTHER SMILING AT THE CROWDS SURGING ROUND HER CAR AS SHE LEFT THE CIVIC CENTRE IN CANBERRA, AFTER THE CITIZENS' RECEPTION.

After her extremely successful two-week tour of New Zealand, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother flew to Canberra Airport on February 14 to start her three-week tour of Australia in the national capital. Her Majesty was given a rousing welcome by the people of Canberra. She was last in Australia thirty-one years ago, when, as Duchess of York, she opened with the Duke of York the first Commonwealth Parliament in Canberra. After the official welcome at the airport the Queen Mother drove to the Civic Reception. When she re-entered her car to drive to Government House it was surrounded so closely by the eager crowd that it took several minutes to get away.

In one sense, like the eighteenth-century aristocrats and the nineteenth-century manufacturers who in turn preceded them, those who control our national newspapers can claim, and do claim, that they are the watchdogs of the Public against the tyrannical and unpopular monopolists of wealth and power they have helped to overthrow and whose tyranny the more flamboyant among them still make, partly out of habit and partly out of design, a show of challenging and defying. More than one of the great Press Groups that between them control the national newspapers—and not only on the so-called "Left"—is for ever beating up and holding to ridicule hereditary lords, Court officials, bank directors, generals, and such "huntin', shootin' and fishin'" squires and their tweed-skirted ladies as still survive in the Gaitskell age. But the "good old cause" they trumpet so loudly and monotonously is, in reality, an imposition on the Public, for the types they expose and denounce have for all practical purposes ceased to exist or, so far as they exist at all, are only the palest, flimsiest shadows of their rosy-faced, loud-voiced predecessors who, in the days of my youth, enjoyed the earth and the fullness thereof. The "Establishment" against which sanctimoniously egalitarian editors, "angry young men" and bright young reporters still gird is a figment of the

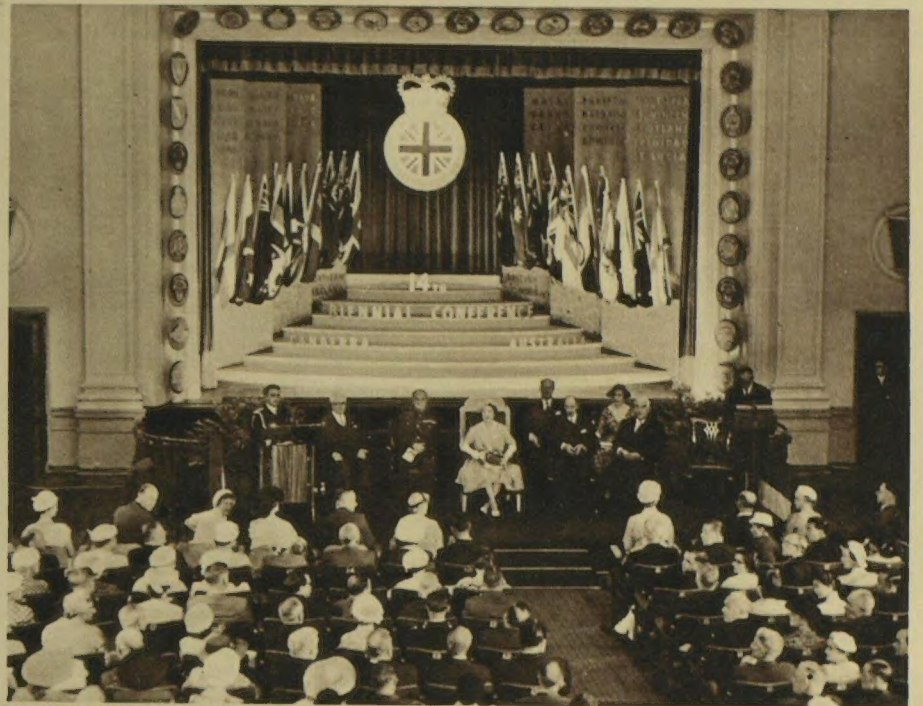
imagination, something which survives only in the hallowed memories of elderly maiden aunts with dwindling unearned incomes living in the more moribund of the Welfare State's seaside resorts. Another turn of the fiscal screw when a reforming and levelling Mr. Wilson reaches the Exchequer and it will vanish altogether, and be as much a thing of the past as the stage-coaches, and Indian braves of the Wild West and the imperial splendours of Lord Curzon's Delhi. But though the Press is hallooing round a long-vacated earth when it castigates the likeness of the toffs and bosses of the early twentieth century, in another sense it still fulfils its original function in acting as the champion of private and public liberties against the rival monopolists of power and wealth, the panjandrums of the Civil Service and the Trades Unions, who, like the Press lords, though politicians come and go, themselves go on for ever. It is a general awareness of this that makes not only their function so valuable in a still freedom-loving community but their position so firm. They stand, in an age when liberties are assailed on every side, for the liberties of Britain.

Yet, by a paradox that seems to attend all human activities in all climes and ages, they also stand for other things, one of which is an invasion of the very liberties they exist to defend. Just as the Civil Service, which used to be a champion of public rights against the untrammelled power and wealth of individuals, has now become an often conscienceless and arrogant oppressor of individuals and, through them, of the Public itself, so the popular Press increasingly invades the sphere of private liberty and subjects the individual, regardless of justice and decency, to a pillory of injurious and wounding publicity. In some cases this invasion is carried out for purely mercenary and competitive reasons, to swell circulation figures and outdistance rival sensation-mongers. In others it takes a more sinister form, of a deliberate denigration of individuals whose views are distasteful to the controllers of some popular newspaper or group of newspapers, and who are subjected to what is technically called "the full treatment," consisting of a series of misrepresentations, smears, half-truths, insinuations and near-libels, occasionally inadvertently verging into actionable libels which, though no doubt vexatious to those who have to pay the consequent price of public apology and damages, have little real repercussion on the immense wealth and revenues of their perpetrators. Against such tyranny the individual has virtually no appeal. So far the number of those affected by these two forms of Press inquisition and dictatorship is small. Nor, it should be said, do all newspapers with great circulations and power indulge in prurient sensationalism or private persecution and vendetta, but exercise their trust with honour, conscience and justice. Some, however, show less restraint. And, though the reaction produced by their abuses of power is still small, it is growing, and may presently become much more formidable unless the popular Press learns to discipline itself. The danger to our polity is that if, through arrogance on the part of those whose wealth or position enables them to control these mighty organs, the present irresponsibility of certain great newspapers continues, the discipline that the exercise of all power sooner or later demands, not being self-imposed, may be imposed from outside. There are many, in this country, who do not love liberty and will take every opportunity to destroy it, and those whose business it is to defend liberty should never forget it.

THE QUEEN MOTHER IN AUSTRALIA: EARLY ENGAGEMENTS OF HER TOUR.



AS THE "LAST POST" WAS SOUNDED: THE QUEEN MOTHER AT THE AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL WAR MEMORIAL IN CANBERRA.



AFTER OPENING THE 14TH BIENNIAL CONFERENCE OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE SERVICE LEAGUE: THE QUEEN MOTHER IN CANBERRA'S ALBERT HALL.



ARRIVING AT CANBERRA AIRPORT FOR HER TOUR OF AUSTRALIA: THE QUEEN MOTHER WITH THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL, SIR WILLIAM SLIM.



DURING HER VISIT TO QUEENSLAND UNIVERSITY, BRISBANE, ON FEBRUARY 20: THE QUEEN MOTHER WITH PENNY, A BABY KOALA BEAR, IN HER ARMS.



AT THE BOONAH BUSHMEN'S CARNIVAL: HER MAJESTY TALKING TO MR. BOB GRACE AND PATTING HIS STOCK HORSE, TRY-ON.



AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CANBERRA: THE QUEEN MOTHER RECEIVING CHILDREN, ONE OF THEM AN ABORIGINE, WHO HAD FLOWN 3000 MILES TO SEE HER.

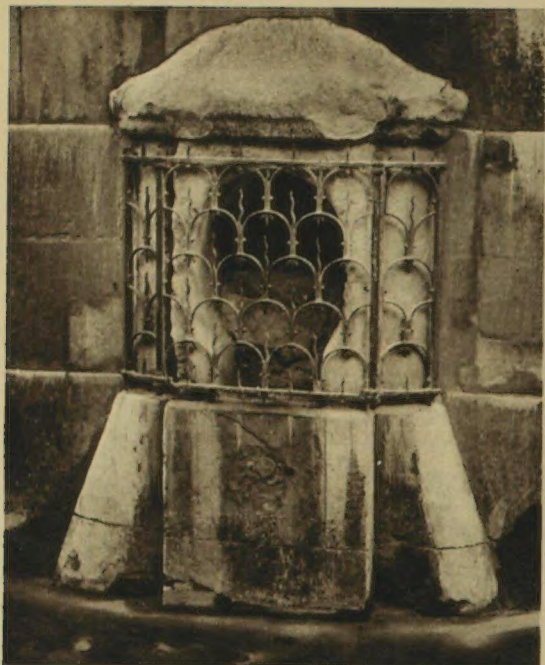
The Queen Mother, who ended her tour of New Zealand with a five-day visit to South Island, left for Australia by air from Christchurch on February 14. She received a great welcome from the people of Australia when she arrived at Canberra in perfect weather at 4 p.m. on the same day. The Queen Mother spent a restful week-end at Government House, where she was the guest of the Governor-General, Sir William Slim, and Lady Slim. On Sunday, February 16, she attended morning service in St. John's Church.



IN BRISBANE: THE QUEEN MOTHER WITH ARCHBISHOP HALSE LOOKING AT A MODEL OF ST. JOHN'S CATHEDRAL AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED.

Afterwards, at Government House, she received five children, one of them an aborigine, who had flown 3000 miles from Kimberley, in the north-west. On February 17 she laid a wreath at the Australian National War Memorial and then opened the 14th biennial conference of the British Empire Service League at Canberra's Albert Hall. On the following day the Queen Mother flew to Brisbane, where she was welcomed by a crowd estimated at 300,000. In the evening there was a State reception at Parliament House.

FROM THE LONDON STONE TO THE LONDON PLANETARIUM: A MISCELLANY OF NEWS FROM LONDON AND NEW ZEALAND.



TO BE REMOVED AND PRESERVED FOR RE-ERECTION: THE LONDON STONE, BEHIND ITS PROTECTIVE IRONWORK.

The ruins of the Wren City church of St. Swithun, Cannon Street, which was burnt out in 1941, are to be demolished. The famous London Stone, incorporated into the south wall of the church and thought to have been a Roman monument, will be preserved for re-erection on or near the site.



LENT TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY FOR TWO YEARS: AN IMPORTANT STILL-LIFE BY CEZANNE FROM THE BRUNO CASSIRER COLLECTION. This fine Cézanne, which is now on exhibition in Room XVII, has been lent to the National Gallery through the generosity of the heirs of Bruno Cassirer. For the last fifteen years this painting has been in America. There are now three Cézannes to be seen at the National Gallery—"La Vieille au Chapelet," purchased in 1953, a landscape lent by Sir Chester Beatty, and this still-life.



A LONDON AUCTION RECORD: "PORTRAIT OF MISS MARIANNE CAPPER," BY JOHN SMART, WHICH REALISED 1000 GUINEAS AT CHRISTIE'S ON FEBRUARY 18.

The price of 1000 guineas paid for this charming miniature by John Smart, which is signed and dated 1788, constituted a new auction record—the highest previous price for a Smart miniature having been the 900 guineas paid in the same rooms last [October]. This oval miniature, 1½ ins. high, has a gold frame with pearl borders.



PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN MOTHER AT THE WELLINGTON RACING CLUB'S MEETING AT TRENTHAM ON FEBRUARY 8: *BALI HA'I*, WINNER OF THE ST. JAMES CUP. After receiving the gold cup won by his horse *Bali Ha'i* for the St. James Cup event at Trentham from the Queen Mother, the veteran New Zealand racehorse owner, Sir Ernest Davis, announced quite unexpectedly, and to the Queen Mother's great delight, that he was presenting *Bali Ha'i* to her.

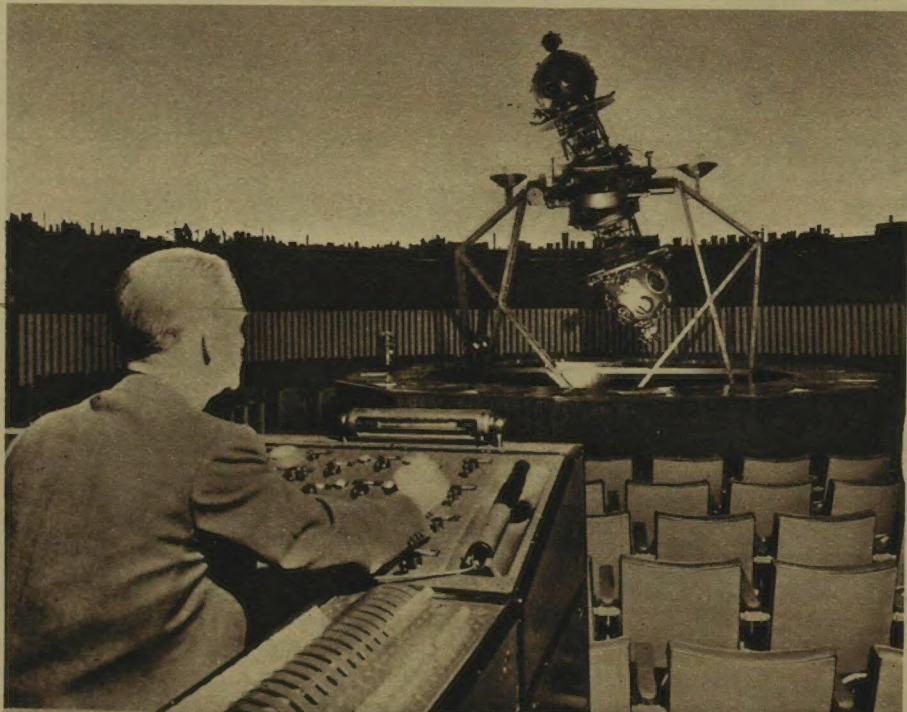
Photograph by Courtesy of British Movietone News.



DURING THEIR VISIT TO THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY ON FEB. 19: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WATCHING A BRAILLE PLATE-MAKER. Her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh made a thorough inspection of the building when they visited Bible House, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C., the headquarters of the British and Foreign Bible Society, which last year distributed 5,000,000 works of scripture in 352 languages.



DURING A PROCESSION IN THE STREETS OF LONDON: TURKISH CYPRIOT WOMEN IN NATIONAL COSTUME CARRYING BOARDS SPELLING OUT *TAKSIM* (PARTITION). About 2000 Turkish Cypriots took part in an orderly demonstration in London on February 23. Many of them wore traditional Turkish costumes and carried placards calling for partition in Cyprus. After a meeting in Trafalgar Square, a petition was handed in at No. 10, Downing Street.



INSIDE LONDON'S FIRST PLANETARIUM: AN ASSISTANT NARRATOR AT THE CONTROL PANEL WITH THE ZEISS PLANETARIUM INSTRUMENT IN FRONT OF HIM. The London Planetarium in Marylebone is due to be opened on March 19. The first spectacle of its kind in the Commonwealth, it is housed in an 81-ft. diameter dome, round the interior base of which is a frieze of London's skyline. The instrument itself weighs over 2½ tons.



DURING A NOISY BUT GOOD-NATURED STUDENT DEMONSTRATION IN THE McEWAN HALL, EDINBURGH: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S LEGS FESTOONED BY A ROLL OF PAPER THROWN FROM A GALLERY AS DR. JAMES ROBERTSON JUSTICE (RIGHT) WAS INSTALLED AS RECTOR OF EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY.



UNBRIDLED HOOLIGANISM AT GLASGOW UNIVERSITY'S RECTORIAL INSTALLATION: MR. R. A. BUTLER, THE HOME SECRETARY, CARRYING ON WITH HIS SPEECH AFTER BEING STRUCK IN THE FACE WITH A BAG OF FLOUR AND PELTED WITH FRUIT, EGGS, SOOT AND OTHER MISSILES DURING HIS INSTALLATION AS RECTOR.

HIGH SPIRITS IN EDINBURGH AND HOOLIGANISM IN GLASGOW: CONTRASTING BEHAVIOUR AT RECENT RECTORIAL INSTALLATIONS.

There were noisy but good-natured scenes in Edinburgh's McEwan Hall on February 20 when Dr. James Robertson Justice, the bearded film actor, was installed as Rector of Edinburgh University. The Duke of Edinburgh, who is Chancellor of the University, was present at the ceremony. At one point a roll of paper thrown from one of the galleries festooned the Duke's legs and he quickly donned his mortar-board for protection. Although the proceedings were frequently interrupted by catcalls, the ringing of an alarm clock which was lowered on a piece of string, and

the hurling of various missiles, Dr. Justice was given a good hearing and his address was loudly cheered. The proceedings were certainly noisy and rumbustious, but the students' behaviour never got out of hand as, unhappily, it did at Glasgow on the following day, when Mr. R. A. Butler, the Home Secretary, was installed as Rector of Glasgow University. Chaotic scenes gravely marred the proceedings when hooliganism broke out in St. Andrew's Hall. Mr. Butler carried on with his speech despite behaviour which was later the subject of an apology by Glasgow students.

IN general Mr. Duncan Sandys is consistent. The doctrine embodied in the Defence White Paper is very much that of last year's. The subtleties which have entered into the discussions in the Press in the interval are disregarded. It is baldly stated that Britain continues to rely on the nuclear deterrent to war. N.A.T.O.'s policy, we are told, is based on the view that a major Russian attack (even with conventional forces) "could not be repelled without resort to a massive nuclear bombardment of the sources of power." And this thesis is rammed home a little earlier still more uncompromisingly. Despite Russia's advance in nuclear weapons, it is said, her basic strength lies in the conventional type, whereas the West relies mainly on the deterrent effect of its vast stockpile of nuclear weapons.

So much for theory. In practice two important changes are to be noted, both concerning the Navy. Its main rôle, that is the rôle of its carriers, is to shift from that of providing part of the nuclear striking force to anti-submarine defence. This may be called a cold-war as well as a shooting-war provision because the big Russian submarine fleet might be used as blackmail, and the better the equipment for fighting submarines the less would be the power of the blackmailer. The

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. POLICY FOR GLOBAL WAR.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

maker of policy. The rôles conflict. The reductions in the three fighting Services lessen the power to intervene quickly and decisively where intervention is called for. At the same time we find continued insistence on the value of the N.A.T.O. "shield" in Germany at a time when our part of the shield is being thinned.

There would appear to be inconsistency also about disarmament. If the policy of massive retaliation is elevated to a position in which it dominates policy as a whole, how are we going to further the aim of disarmament in nuclear weapons which is also on our programme? Logically, we cannot afford to reduce the "vast stockpile" if we rely "primarily" upon it as a deterrent. Indeed, the White Paper asserts that there is no military reason "why a world conflagration should not be prevented for another generation or more through the balancing fears of mutual annihilation." Not much room for nuclear disarmament

it will be even more so. Yet it possesses moral worth and is attainable only on these terms. On others it might be proclaimed, but it would have no practical reality.

When I scent inconsistency in the White Paper, I do not mean to suggest that it is not to be found among the critics also. Nearly all of them, and I might almost include myself, are apt to say that, if small and local wars are more probable than global wars, then it is for the likelier form that we should chiefly prepare. It is possible that Britain could come to an agreement with the United States whereby she took over certain tasks outside the field of nuclear war as our main contribution. But if the word "we" above stands for "the West," then it is manifestly absurd to suggest that the West should prepare to meet the likelier threat, a scratch on the finger, rather than the less likely, which might involve the destruction of civilisation.

It is also illogical to argue that, since—as it is assumed—the danger of a nuclear war has decreased, the theory of massive retaliation belongs to the limbo of the past. The decrease in the risk of a nuclear war was brought about by dread of retaliation in kind, and it is a bold assumption to



TO BE RUN DOWN BY JULY 1959: THE NAVAL DOCKYARD AT PORTLAND, DORSET—AN AERIAL VIEW ACROSS WEYMOUTH BAY TAKEN WHEN SEVERAL WARSHIPS WERE AT ANCHOR. A NAVAL BASE WILL, HOWEVER, BE MAINTAINED AT PORTLAND.

Another victim of the economy measures announced in the Naval Estimates (more details about which appear with the photographs of Sheerness on page 343) is the naval dockyard at Portland. Its closure will mean that about 1000 men will be redundant. Naval underwater

weapon research and development establishments will, however, be mainly concentrated at Portland. The long breakwater at Portland, constructed by convict labour in 1849-72, encloses the largest artificial harbour in Great Britain. An inner harbour was constructed in 1947.

second change is the establishment of a strong— for these days—fleet of an all-purpose kind in the Far East, based on Singapore, to help discharge obligations to S.E.A.T.O. and the Baghdad Pact.

The reception of the statement has been somewhat chilly. Critics, taken aback by finding all that they have been saying for the past year without effect on the Minister and his advisers, have been retorting scornfully that he is out of date: he has forgotten what they tried to teach him, that the terrible power of the deterrent makes conventional war likelier. Let us be fair. If he thinks this is hair-splitting he is right to disregard it. He may reply in effect: "Your arguments are not honest. It might be nicer to fight a conventional war than a nuclear war, but you know well that the West has not the strength. So, in a vital area, full-scale conventional attack must involve nuclear reaction." I for one would be prepared to accept the reproach.

Yet there surely are some inconsistencies in the statement. It is surely the case that fear of the deterrent is not enough to prevent local wars, in which the contestants can, so to speak, duck under it, and that such wars may be potent means of sapping the strength and moral status of the West. The trouble is that there is a Sandys-Hyde as well as a Sandys-Jekyll, a wholesale tail-cutting and even teeth-paring economiser, as well as a

here, even if conventional disarmament kept pace. We are told that this would be a mournful prospect, but the arguments make it virtually inescapable.

It is just to add that the latest reductions in naval shore establishments appear to be, in the main, reforms rather than cuts in strength. The number of commands, dockyards, depots, and so on, has ceased to be related to the strength of the Fleet, just as the number of men ashore and of civilians has become out of proportion to the number at sea. These economies, chiefly in the Medway, the anchorage of the Queen's ships in the days of the first Elizabeth, break a cherished tradition, which is always a pity. They must also create unemployment, though we cannot estimate the scale or the duration. Yet a tidy-up is justified and indeed overdue.

When Mr. Sandys insists upon the importance of nuclear weapons as a means of preserving peace, he cannot imply that our contribution to them is absolutely necessary to their efficacy. It would not make much difference in the value of the deterrent if it were in the hands of the United States alone. He may well hold that it is worth extra effort and expense to preserve our right to be consulted on the circumstances in which it should be used. I believe we have preserved this right, though it is even now precarious. In the future, with ballistic missiles taking the place of aircraft,

say that the risk would not swell up again if the dread were removed. Mr. Sandys may sound "unfashionable," but it is to be doubted whether what was true last year has really become untrue in the second month of this. The subject is one which invites speculation, and certainly has not been denied it, but the more complex a problem of this kind is the more important it is to keep a firm hold on a plain and practical feature. All of which goes to show that I think Mr. Sandys has been rather hardly treated on balance.

I doubt, however, whether we can effectively maintain three rôles: as contributor to nuclear power; as part of the N.A.T.O. shield on the European continent, even if on a reduced scale; and as supporter of the Baghdad Pact, of S.E.A.T.O., and of British and Commonwealth interests in distant regions. It is not as though the pressure for economy were likely to be met once and for all by the measures now announced. On the contrary, this pressure is sure to be renewed and likely to become harder. An anonymous but striking article by a military correspondent in the *Sunday Times* of February 16 suggested that Britain's defence contribution to N.A.T.O. in Europe might be decreased by arrangement, provided that the forces thus liberated "were made available and mobile as a strategic reserve for trouble anywhere." That is worth consideration.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



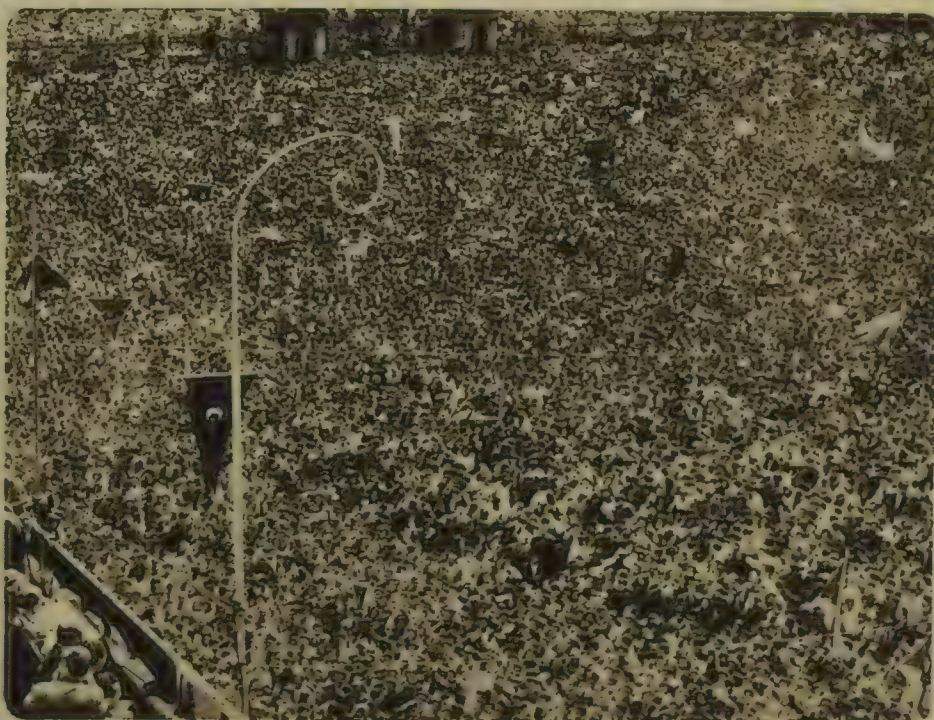
THE ANTARCTIC. ANOTHER VIEW OF THE STRANDED SNO-CAT AS IT LAY DANGEROUSLY SUSPENDED ABOVE THE CREVASSE.

(Above.)
THE ANTARCTIC. ILLUSTRATING THE DIFFICULTIES ENCOUNTERED BY DR. FUCHS' TRANS-ANTARCTIC TEAM: A SNO-CAT STUCK IN A CREVASSE.

On February 23, about two weeks after leaving Depot 700, Dr. Fuchs arrived with his Trans-Antarctic party at Plateau Depot, about 280 miles from the end of the 2100-mile journey at Scott Base. The team continued from Plateau Depot on February 24. Sir Edmund Hillary joined Dr. Fuchs at Depot 700, and from there onwards acted as guide to the team on the last lap of their long trek.

(Right.)
S. RHODESIA. THE KARIBA HYDRO-ELECTRIC PROJECT ENDANGERED BY RECORD ZAMBESI FLOODS: THE FLOODED COFFER-DAM, AND A ROAD BRIDGE.

As reported in our last issue, the circular coffer-dam at Kariba, built to exclude river water while part of the main dam of the Kariba hydro-electric power project was constructed, sprung a leak on February 16—and became flooded—in the worst recorded flooding of the Zambesi River. A road bridge has been swept away and work in the underground power station temporarily suspended.



EGYPT. AFTER THE PLEBISCITE ON FEBRUARY 21 IN WHICH THE SYRIA-EGYPT UNION AND COLONEL NASSER'S APPOINTMENT AS PRESIDENT WERE OVERWHELMINGLY CONFIRMED: THE EGYPTIAN PRESIDENT (LOWER LEFT) ADDRESSING CROWDS IN CAIRO.



THE PERSIAN GULF. A DISASTER IN WHICH FIFTY-SEVEN LOST THEIR LIVES: THE WRECKAGE OF SEISTAN AFTER THE EXPLOSION OFF MANAMAH.

On Feb. 21, fifty-seven seamen and officers were reported to have died as a result of the explosion aboard the British freighter *Seistan* off Manamah, Bahrain, on February 19. Among the survivors some were critically injured. *Seistan*, of 7440 tons, was carrying a cargo of explosives consigned from London to Basrah.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



SOUTH KOREA. VICTIM OF "AN ACT OF INTERNATIONAL HI-JACKING": THE SOUTH KOREAN AIRLINER WHICH WAS FORCED TO LAND IN NORTH KOREA ON FEBRUARY 16. It is believed that the pilot of the South Korean airliner which disappeared on a routine flight from Pusan to Seoul with thirty-four persons on board was forced to go off course at pistol-point and to land in North Korea. The incident has been described as "an act of international hi-jacking."



ITALY. ON THE NORTH-EAST SLOPES OF VESUVIUS: RESCUERS INSPECTING THE WRECKAGE OF THE U.S. MILITARY TRANSPORT AIRCRAFT WHICH CRASHED ON FEBRUARY 15. All sixteen men aboard were killed when a United States military transport aircraft crashed on the slopes of Vesuvius shortly after taking off from Naples for Istanbul. After a search, hampered by the weather, the wreckage was only discovered on February 19.



SUDAN. AFTER FAILING TO STOP AT A SUDANESE FRONTIER POST: THREE VESSELS OF THE EGYPTIAN NILE FLOTILLA MOORED UNDER GUARD AT WADI HALFA.

On the evening of February 20, the eve of the Egyptian plebiscite, these three Egyptian vessels were detained while trying to land men at the village of Debeira, north of Wadi Halfa. Six Egyptian officers, three of them from the army, and some thirty other Egyptians, including soldiers, were kept under surveillance at Wadi Halfa, but were released within three days. A search of the boats revealed sacks of flour and sugar, a radio transmitter, a tape recorder, loudspeaker equipment, ballot-boxes, £1400 in Sudanese cash, automatic weapons, rifles and ammunition.



SUDAN. DURING HIS DETENTION AT WADI HALFA: CAPTAIN KAMEL, LEADER OF THE EGYPTIAN EXPEDITION (LEFT), BEING GUARDED BY CAPTAIN BESHIRE, OF THE SUDANESE ARTILLERY, WHO DETAINED THE PARTY.



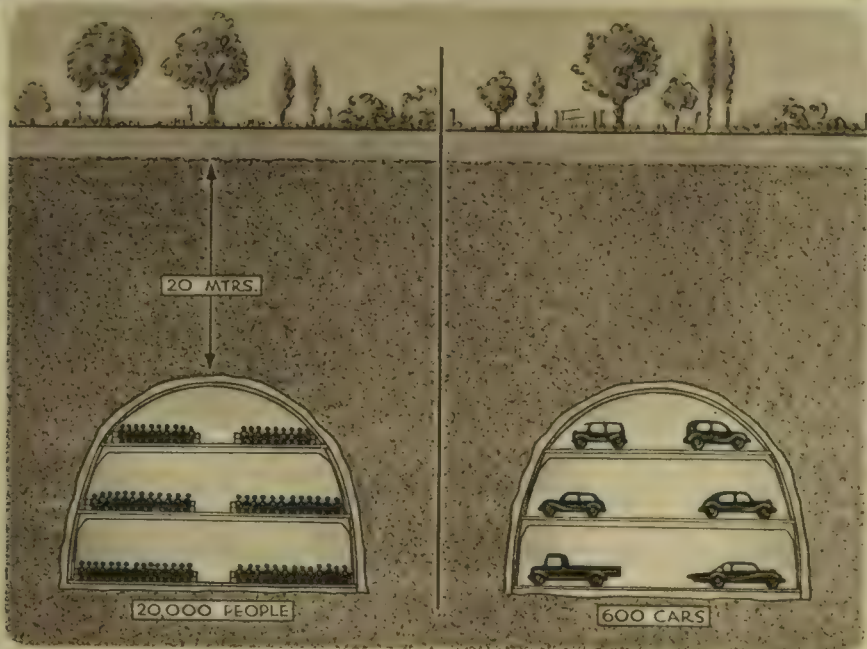
UNITED STATES. NOW IN SERVICE WITH THE U.S. AIR FORCE: THE LOCKHEED F-104A STARFIGHTER EQUIPPED WITH SIDEWINDER GUIDED MISSILES.

A dozen F-104A Starfighters were delivered to the U.S. Air Force base at Hamilton, California, on February 21. Equipped with sidewinder guided missiles, which use an infra-red tracking device to "home" on the target, this supersonic fighter is claimed to be the world's fastest combat aircraft.



UNITED STATES. TRYING OUT ONE OF THE NEW STARFIGHTERS: A U.S. NAVY PILOT, ON EXCHANGE DUTY WITH THE U.S. AIR FORCE, CLIMBING INTO THE COCKPIT AT HAMILTON AIR FORCE BASE.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



STOCKHOLM'S NEWEST AND LARGEST UNDERGROUND AIR-RAID SHELTER/CAR PARK: THE WARTIME (LEFT) AND PEACETIME (RIGHT) USE OF THE THREE-LEVEL TUNNEL, WITH ITS OVERBURDEN OF ABOUT 60 FT. OF SOLID ROCK.



TWO OF THE TWELVE ENTRANCES TO THE KATARINA SHELTER, BUILT TO HOLD 600 CARS OR 20,000 PERSONS. THE ENTRANCES INCORPORATE FILLING STATIONS AND SHOWROOMS.



ONE OF THE STAIRCASES IN THE KATARINA SHELTER, SHOWING THE WALLS CUT FROM THE LIVING GRANITE. THE TWELVE ENTRANCES POINT IN SEVERAL DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS.



SOME OF THE FIFTY FILTERS PURIFYING THE AIR WHICH ENTERS FROM OUTSIDE. IT IS ALSO PROPOSED TO CLEAN THE USED AIR, SO ENABLING THE SHELTER TO BE SEALED.



ONE OF THE KATARINA SHELTER ENTRANCES IN ITS PEACETIME USE—A FILLING AND SERVICE STATION FOR CARS. ALL THE ENTRANCES HAVE BLAST POCKETS AND CONCRETE GATES.



CARS PARKED IN THE TOPMOST LEVEL OF THE SHELTER. NOTE AIR FILTERS IN ROOF. ALL SECTIONS ARE PAINTED DIFFERENT COLOURS AND CAN BE PARTITIONED OFF.

STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN: THE KATARINA TUNNEL—AN AIR-RAID SHELTER FOR 20,000, OR A CAR PARK FOR 600.

Soon after the war was ended and the implications of the atomic bomb were becoming clear, Sweden began a programme of building large underground shelters, both for human beings and for ships, aircraft and military equipment. In August 1953, over £13,000,000 was allocated for the forthcoming year's programme in this respect; and in two issues of 1955 (January 15 and October 29) we illustrated, photographically and with drawings, the typical underground docks to hold destroyers and aircraft which were being built

in the Swedish islands. The protection of the population has not been neglected and Stockholm has now great underground shelters cut from the living rock. We illustrate here the newest and largest of these, the recently completed Katarina shelter. This is claimed to give complete protection to 20,000 persons—the next largest shelters some 8000. In peacetime conditions, however, the Katarina shelter, which is on three levels, serves as a car park holding comfortably about 600 cars.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



JUST SOUTH OF ONE OF THE AREAS CLAIMED BY EGYPT: THE NILE AT WADI HALFA, THE RAILHEAD FOR THE INTERIOR OF THE SUDAN.



THE NILE A FEW MILES NORTH OF WADI HALFA. THE PALM TREES ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE WATER SHOW THE POSITION OF THE RIVER BANK BEFORE THE ASWAN DAM RESERVOIR RAISED THE WATER-LEVEL.



A VIEW OF THE NORTHERN OUTPOST AT HALAIB, ON THE RED SEA COAST, WHICH IS ALSO IN ONE OF THE AREAS CLAIMED BY EGYPT.



NORTH OF THE 22ND PARALLEL, NEAR THE RED SEA: A SMALL GOLD MINE AT MAKRUFF WHICH HAS BEEN WORKED FOR CENTURIES.



THE OLD FORT AT HALAIB, BUILT AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING THE CONDOMINIUM.



A BUILDING FORMERLY WELL KNOWN TO TOURING ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICIALS: THE REST HOUSE AT HALAIB.

SUDAN: CONFLICT WITHIN THE ARAB LEAGUE. THE BORDER DISPUTE WITH EGYPT.

On February 17 the Sudan Cabinet announced that Egypt was claiming two areas north of the 22nd parallel and the Sudan Foreign Minister said the Sudan would do everything possible to assert her sovereignty over the areas. The Egyptian Government informed the Sudanese that Egyptian officials were about to occupy the territory and conduct there a plebiscite on the new union between Syria and Egypt and on the President of the union. An earlier Egyptian note claiming the areas hinted that the forthcoming Sudanese elections there, part of the general election in the Sudan, would be unnecessary. After talks between the Sudan Foreign Minister and Egyptian Government officials

in Cairo failed, the Sudanese Government referred its case to the Security Council of the United Nations, saying there had been reports of "a huge infiltration of Egyptians into the area, backed by a concentration of Egyptian troops on the border." Reinforcements of Sudanese troops were sent into both disputed areas, but it was claimed in Cairo that only Egyptian police were in the area. According to the Convention of 1899 the border lies along the 22nd parallel, but to facilitate administration by tribal areas, deviations of the border were later recognised, and the two areas now disputed have for some fifty-six years been administered as part of the Sudan.

FANNY BURNEY AND MADAME D'ARBLAY.

"THE HISTORY OF FANNY BURNEY." By JOYCE HEMLOW.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THIS new and monumental life of Fanny Burney must prove, I should think, the biography to end biographies of that talented and vivacious lady. How many years Miss Hemlow has spent as what she calls "a wandering researcher" I cannot even guess; and it is only a supposition, based on an acknowledgment to McGill University for her first grant-in-aid, that leads me to presume that she is a citizen of Canada rather than of the United States. But, if any modern deserves to annex the great Lord Strafford's motto, "Thorough," it is, I think, Miss Hemlow. Her list of Acknowledgments is overwhelming. This is but a sample paragraph: "I wish most particularly to thank the Keeper of Manuscripts in the John Rylands Library, Manchester, and the Pierpont Morgan Library, New York City. Useful lists of letters were instantly supplied by the Manuscripts Division of the Henry E. Huntington Library, California; the Folger Library, Washington; the Boston Public Library; Princeton University Library; and the Cambridge University Library. Help or advice of various kinds was accorded by Dr. C. E. Wright, the Department of Manuscripts, the British Museum; Dr. Richard Hunt of the Bodleian Library, Oxford; J. M. G. Blakiston, Esq., Librarian at the College, Winchester; Mr.

and the Huguenot Society of London. She has certainly "explored every avenue."

She has, as an Appendix, "The Burney Manuscripts: A Tentative Summary": they are scattered, literally in thousands, in museums and private collections, in two continents. There are people of whose lives one wishes that more records could survive. Shakespeare is pre-eminent among them; for all the facts about his life, as distinguished from conjectures, could be put upon a half-sheet of notepaper. But in relation to Miss Burney and her family the records seem to me to be unduly profuse. Here is a list of part of one small section of the archives: those in the Berg Collection of the New York Public Library:

Letters written by Charles Burney,
Mus. Doc. (1726-
1814), c. 127
" " " Charles Burney,
D.D. (1757-
1817), 32
" " " James Burney,
Rear-Admiral, 22
" " " Frances Burney
d'Arblay, 929

I had better stop there, though I might well have gone on.

In other words, there are too many Burney manuscripts in the world, and they tend to divert critics into the various careers of "his sisters, and his cousins and his aunts."

Fanny Burney, daughter of a very famous musician and musical historian, was born in 1752. She had an intolerable itch for writing; is supposed to have written her novel "Evelina" at the age of seventeen; it was ultimately published when she was twenty-six (she receiving £20 from her publisher for the copy-right) when neither her publisher nor her father knew the sex, or identity of the author. The secret soon leaked out; the book was praised by Mrs. Thrale, Dr. Johnson, Reynolds and Burke. Her fame was such that, although her father was of no august descent, she was appointed second Keeper of the Robes to Queen Charlotte, spouse of George the Third. Her experiences with the Royal Family are to me far more interesting than her conjectural novels about worlds of which, for all her intelligence and imagination, she knew nothing. I seem to remember that in her "early diaries" she went to Weymouth with her Royal employers—and possibly the atrocious Madam Schwellenberg, almost the last of the German horrors, whom the Hanoverian monarchs of this country thought it necessary to keep about our Court. To the best of my recollection, in Fanny Burney's early diaries she describes "Farmer George" bathing in the sea at Weymouth with a band on the shore which blared out "God Save the King" as soon as he had dipped up to his middle.

With very great effort she escaped from Royal service—and it was a matter of escaping then. At Norbury Park, Mickleham, Surrey, she met General the Count d'Arblay, an interesting and intelligent refugee. Her novel "Camilla" came afterwards, and later on, her life of her father and her own diaries. A small book about Fanny and her achievements would be welcomed by me and many other people. Even her obscurer works, like "The Wanderer," are full of interest. But why, because she was a good writer, should we be induced to take an interest in every connection she ever had?

Apart from General d'Arblay, who was a soldier and a gentleman, the only connections of hers who remain in my memory—after very

many casual contacts with the Thrales, Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua and Sheridan—are her brother the Admiral and her son Alexander. Her brother was obviously a first-class sailor, but was rather disapproved of in Dr. Burney's family.

That brother—an Admiral like Jane Austen's brothers—was a very sound man, who went off, much to his family's horror, with his half-sister as a housekeeper. It was *en tout honneur*, but everybody was shocked. Her brother Charles went to Cambridge, was sent down from Caius College for stealing books from the University library, but ultimately took his degree and became a Doctor of Divinity. Her son, Alexander, also went to Caius College, transferred to Christ's, was tenth wrangler, and died in the odour of sanctity.

Fanny Burney, after many tribulations, was in Brussels at the time of Waterloo, when the issue was doubtful. Her husband, a loyal General, was at Trèves and she separated from him. Rumours swept the town. Mobs came along the streets, shouting "The French are here!", when the said French were merely thousands of prisoners. She draws a dreadful picture of the scene after battle, with not enough carts or attention for the sick and wounded, and confirms the Duke of Wellington's remark after Waterloo: "There is only one thing worse than victory, and that is defeat."

This enormous compendium will be a very valuable reference-book for persons wishing to explore eighteenth-century, and early nineteenth-century, literary history. They will discover, for instance, that amongst the subscribers to "Camilla" were a mass of dukes and duchesses and a Miss Jane Austen.



FANNY BURNEY'S FATHER: CHARLES BURNEY (MUS. DOC.), 1726-1814, FROM A PORTRAIT BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS. Reproduced by permission of the National Portrait Gallery.

Herman W. Liebert, Research Assistant, and Mr. Robert F. Metzdorf, Curator of Manuscripts, Yale University Library; and by Mr. H. E. Bocking, Curator of the King's Lynn Borough Museum. Mr. Kenneth M. Hamilton, M.A., Deputy Keeper and Assistant Librarian of the Public Library, Armagh, kindly extended the library hours during my hurried visit there in 1951. The Librarians of the British Museum were put to extra trouble in the summer of 1954 in counting over the partly-catalogued and unmounted papers of the Barrett Collection. Her Majesty's Librarian Sir Owen Morshead has kindly answered questions about Windsor Castle and the Royal *entourage* of 1785-1791. I am delightfully indebted to him for a memorable tour of the Castle in 1951 and the most authoritative lecture possible on what it was like in Fanny Burney's time."

In her resolute crawl Miss Hemlow has visited, or consulted, owners of manuscripts in Hertfordshire, Dorset, Sussex, Yorkshire and Oxfordshire. Amongst the people she thanks for facts are the Assistant Archivist, Surrey Record Office, Kingston-upon-Thames; the Hon. Secretaries of the Catholic Record Society; the Society of Genealogists



HUSBAND OF FANNY BURNEY: GENERAL D'ARBLAY, AT THE AGE OF SIXTY-FOUR—A DETAIL FROM A PORTRAIT BY CARLE AND HORACE VERNET. Reproduced by permission of Miss Ann Julia Wauchops. From R. Brimley Johnson's "Fanny Burney and the Burneys" (1926).



FANNY BURNEY, FROM A PORTRAIT BY EDWARD FRANCESCO BURNEY. Reproduced by permission of the National Portrait Gallery. Illustrations reproduced from the book "The History of Fanny Burney," by courtesy of the Publishers, the Oxford University Press.

I am bound to admit that in spite of the illumination which Fanny Burney sheds on certain aspects of eighteenth-century life, I think that "Miss Jane Austen" was a wiser, wittier, more understanding and more sympathetic woman and author.

* "The History of Fanny Burney." By Joyce Hemlow. Illustrated. (Oxford: University Press; 35s.)

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 360 of this issue.

THE BORDER DISPUTE BETWEEN EGYPT AND

SUDAN: SUDANESE TROOPS AND TRIBAL RECRUITS.



WITH SPEAR AND SHIELD AT THE READY: A PLUMED SUDANESE TRIBESMAN SHORTLY AFTER ARRIVAL AT AN ARMY RECRUITING POST.



A SUDANESE SOLDIER ON PARADE. ON HIS CHEEK IS A TRIBAL SCAR MARKING.



SOUNDING REVEILLE AT A PORT IN THE SUDAN: A TURBANED SUDANESE BUGLER.



STANDING PROUDLY TO ATTENTION: A SUDANESE SERGEANT ON PARADE IN EASTERN SUDAN.



A SUDANESE OFFICER: MAJOR HASSAN JOHAR, WHO IS FROM THE DINKA TRIBE.



EVIDENCE THAT SCOTTISH TROOPS WERE FORMERLY GARRISONED IN THE SUDAN: A SUDANESE SOLDIER PLAYING THE BAGPIPES.



ON THE WAY TO COLLECT THEIR UNIFORMS: TWO RECENTLY ENLISTED SUDANESE RECRUITS PASSING A PARADE OF SUDANESE SOLDIERS.



LEARNING HOW TO HANDLE MODERN WEAPONS: SUDANESE SOLDIERS TAKING PART IN A MORTAR-FIRING PRACTICE.



PART OF AN EXTENSIVE TRAINING PROGRAMME: TROOPS IN THE SUDAN UNDERGOING A MOUNTAIN WARFARE EXERCISE.



A SUDANESE SERGEANT WITH TWO MASCOTS, WHO BEAR THE NAMES SERGEANT AND CORPORAL, AND WHO ARE THE PRIDE OF HIS REGIMENT.



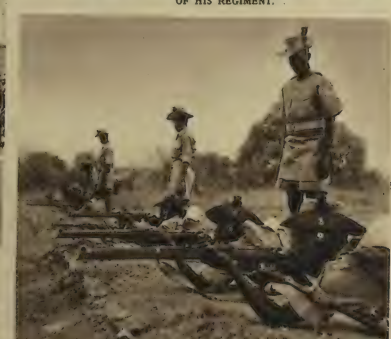
SUDANESE SOLDIERS ON PARADE. THE SUDANESE ARMY HAS A PEACETIME STRENGTH OF ABOUT 5000.



A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING FIELD TRAINING: SUDANESE SOLDIERS DRAWN UP ON PARADE OUT IN THE OPEN COUNTRY.



SUDANESE TROOPERS OUTSIDE THE "BEAU GESTE" FORT AT NYALA, WESTERN SUDAN, BUILT AFTER A LOCAL RISING IN 1922.



TRAINING IN SMALL ARMS: SUDANESE TROOPS PHOTOGRAPHED WHILE UNDERGOING TARGET PRACTICE.

At the time of writing, a company of Sudanese Army troops had arrived by train from Khartoum in the area north of Wadi Halfa, which has been claimed by Egypt, and similar reinforcements were sent to the outpost at Halais, in the other disputed area. In her note calling for an immediate meeting of the United Nations Security Council, which was delivered in New York on February 20, the Sudan referred to reports of "a huge infiltration of Egyptians into the area, backed by a concentration of Egyptian troops on the border." An Egyptian spokesman in Cairo, however, said there were no such troops in

the area, but only normal police. Other events in the dispute between Egypt and the Sudan over the two border areas are reported on page 338. The Sudanese Army has a peacetime strength of about 5000 officers and men. The above photographs, many of them of men of the Sudan Defence Force and taken during the Condominium, show the types of soldier who form the present Sudanese Army. The Egyptian plebiscite to confirm President Nasser as President of the United Arab Republic, for the purposes of which the disputed areas were claimed as Egyptian, was to be held on February 21.



IMPERIAL ROME'S MOST LUXURIOUS HOLIDAY RESORT, FOR MANY CENTURIES SOME 30 FT. BELOW THE WATER: AN AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH, REVEALING THE BUILDINGS OF ANCIENT BAIÆ, NEAR POZZUOLI, IN THE BAY OF NAPLES.



IN our issue of September 5, 1953, we published an article by Professor Amedeo Maiuri on his excavations at Baia, the ancient Baiæ. In the course of this article he referred to the fact that, owing to the movement of the earth's surface, the greater part of ancient Baiæ was now under the surface of the sea at depths varying from 26 to 33 ft. Over the years many antiquities have been dredged up from the seabottom, although these have naturally suffered damage both from marine organisms and the action of the dredges. During recent years, however, Signor Raimondo Bucher, one of Italy's most famous underwater explorers, has been conducting a submarine exploration of the ruins. Although this method, coupled with aerial photography, has revealed much of the plan of both a rich thermal district and a poorer quarter, the vast quantities of mud and sand deposited over the centuries render a really searching exploration an impossible task from the practical point of view.

UNDERWATER BAIÆ TO-DAY: (LEFT) SIGNOR RAIMONDO BUCHER AT WORK ON HIS SUBMARINE EXPLORATION; AND (RIGHT) A SEMI-CIRCULAR CONSTRUCTION, ENCRUSTED WITH MARINE GROWTHS.



IMPERIAL ROME'S MOST LUXURIOUS SPA, REVEALED BY AERIAL AND SUBMARINE PHOTOGRAPHY: THE SUBMARINE RUINS OF BAIÆ.

THE Navy Estimates, published on February 18, announced major changes in the organisation of R.N. establishments in the United Kingdom, including the closing of the Sheerness dockyard, thus ending the Royal Navy's 400-year-old association with the Medway. The dockyard employs some 2500 industrial and non-industrial staff. About 1100 of these are established, and of these as many as possible will be absorbed in the Chatham dockyard, which is to be retained, though by April 1961, ships will normally be refitted there with only key personnel on board. Other establishments to be closed include the Portland dockyard, which is to be run down by July 1959, the R.N. Barracks, Chatham (by April 1961) and the R.N. Hospital at Chatham. The post of Commander-in-Chief, the Nore and the Nore Command will be abolished. Six naval air establishments are to be closed over the next three years, in addition to the two announced earlier. They include the R.N. aircraft yard at Donibristle. Efforts will be made to dispose of this establishment and the unwanted dockyards to industrial or commercial interests. All these economies will result in an eventual saving of £15,500,000 a year in naval costs, and in reductions of 23,000 in the number of civilian employees and of between 6000 and 7000 naval posts ashore.

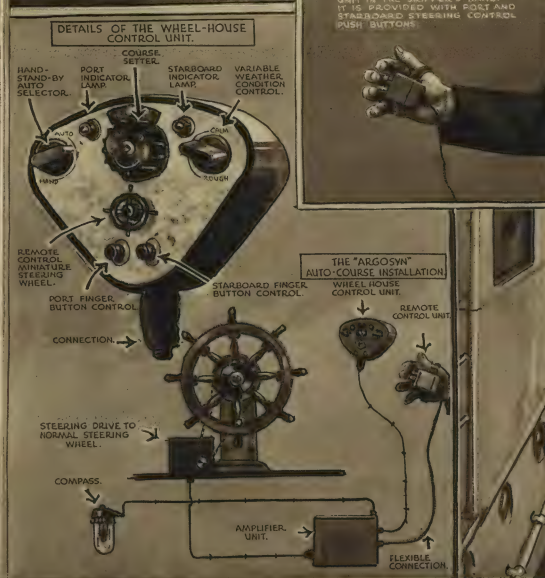
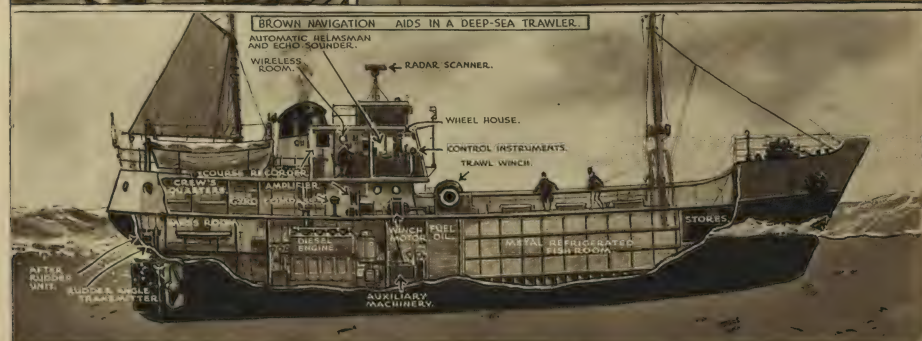


TO BE RUN DOWN BY APRIL, 1960: THE NAVAL DOCKYARD AT SHEERNESS AT THE MOUTH OF THE RIVER MEDWAY, IN KENT.



WHERE MANY OF THOSE WHOSE LIVELIHOOD IS ENDANGERED BY THE CLOSURE OF THE DOCKYARD HAVE THEIR HOMES: THE TOWN OF SHEERNESS, WHICH HAS A POPULATION OF ABOUT 16,500.

A VICTIM OF THE NAVAL ECONOMIES: THE DOCKYARD AT SHEERNESS WHICH WILL BE CLOSED BY APRIL, 1960.



TO SPEED THE CATCH: TWO BRITISH AUTOMATIC STEERING SYSTEMS, TIME-, FUEL- AND MANPOWER-SAVERS, RECENTLY ADAPTED FOR INSTALLATION IN FISHING VESSELS.

Various types of navigational aid equipment which have hitherto been installed only in larger ships have recently been marketed in modified forms suitable for installation in trawlers and other fishing vessels. In our drawing, we illustrate Brown Trawler Navigation equipment, produced by S. G. Brown Ltd., and the "Argosyn" Auto-Course system, produced by Redifon Ltd. Both systems provide automatic steering, but the former is operated by means of a gyro

compass, which is unaffected by magnetic influences and is particularly valuable in Polar regions where many of the longer-distance fishing vessels and whale-catchers work, while the latter is operated from a magnetic compass, and is more suitable for shorter-range craft. Automatic steering enables a straighter course to be steered in any conditions of wind and sea than is humanly possible, thus saving fuel and time, and can also save manpower, which is of

particular value during fishing operations. With the Brown equipment, the course of the ship can be set by adjusting a hand wheel in the Bridge Unit or by means of the Course Trimmer, a unit which can be positioned anywhere in the vessel. The Wheelhouse Control Unit of the Redifon "Argosyn" Auto-Course enables the helmsman to steer from any vantage-point in the ship, and a small auxiliary push-button control unit, especially useful in smaller

craft, is also supplied. The miniature, push-button control unit makes it possible for maneuvering to be carried out from any position in the vessel. Among other navigational equipment which can be supplied for fishing vessels are echo sounders, providing an accurate record and instantaneous indication of the depth of the water, and also capable of recording a shoal of fish below the vessel, course recorders and rudder angle recording apparatus.

ON AN ALPINE AERIAL RECONNAISSANCE WITH FIELD MARSHAL MONTGOMERY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE "HONORARY PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER EXTRAORDINARY."



SEEN FROM THE NORTH-EAST: THE MATTERHORN (14,780 FT.), WITH THE INACCESSIBLE DENT D'HERENS (13,715 FT.) JUST BEHIND IT TO THE RIGHT. THE GLACIER ON THE LEFT IS THE THEODULGLETSCHER, WHILE THE FURGGLETSCHER RUNS TOWARDS THE CAMERA FROM THE FOOT OF THE MATTERHORN.



WITH THE WEISSHORN (14,804 FT.) IN THE CENTRE: A PHOTOGRAPH LOOKING SOUTH-WEST. THE SUNLIT RIDGE TO THE RIGHT IS THE BIESHORN (13,652 FT.), WITH THE BIESGLETSCHER ON ITS LEFT. TO THE LEFT OF THE WEISSHORN IS THE SCHALLIJÖCH, LEADING TO ZINAL, AND THE SCHALLHORN (13,052 FT.).

As in previous years, Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein has sent us a series of photographs taken on an aerial reconnaissance over the Alps. "The photographic reconnaissance," writes the Field Marshal, "was carried out on January 28. All the airfields were under snow except in the Rhône Valley, and I flew from Saanen in a Piper machine fitted with skis, over the Wildhorn range to Sion, in the Rhône Valley—where I transferred

to an American Beachcraft, a two-engine aircraft which can carry six passengers. We then flew south-east towards the Italian frontier, photographing the Weisshorn, Monte Rosa, and the Matterhorn, in that order. It was a perfect day—bright sun, no clouds, and no wind. The photographs were all taken through the window of the aircraft, which could not be opened in flight. I cleaned the window carefully with a silk handkerchief before



SHOWING THE TEXTURE OF THE SNOW ON THE LOWER SLOPES OF THE BREITHORN (RIGHT): A CLOSER VIEW OF THE COUNTRY TO THE WEST OF MONTE ROSA, LOOKING SOUTHWARDS, WITH THE LYSKAMM (LEFT CENTRE) AND THE TWIN PEAKS OF THE ZWILLINGE, CASTOR AND POLLUX, IN SHADOW (RIGHT CENTRE).



TAKEN LOOKING SOUTHWARDS: A FINE PANORAMA OF MONTE ROSA AND THE PEAKS IMMEDIATELY TO THE WEST. THE HIGHEST SUMMIT OF THE MONTE ROSA GROUP (LEFT CENTRE) IS THE DUFOURSPITZE (15,217 FT.). THE PYRAMID-SHAPED PEAK IN SHADOW, THIS LIES JUST WITHIN THE SWISS FRONTIER.

each exposure. All the pictures were taken at a height of 14,500 ft., and flying at 180 m.p.h. Conditions for taking the photographs were very good, since there was plenty of room in the aircraft, one could move about, and it was warm. They were, in fact, the best conditions I have had since I began aerial photography in the high Alps in 1950." Lord Montgomery was using a Rolleiflex camera with Kodak TRI-X film. The shutter speed was 1/250,

using a stop of F.11. The photographs were taken between 1.30 p.m. and 2.30 p.m., and a filter was used. On the occasion of the tenth Annual British Press Pictures of the Year Competition on December 19, 1957, Lord Montgomery, who presented the awards, was given the title of "Honorary Press Photographer Extraordinary" by the sponsors, Encyclopedia Britannica, Ltd., and the Institute of British Photographers.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

MUNICH—AND VENICE.

Divine Word in the struggle against the sectarians and neo-Baptists of the period—a view supported by the choice of the biblical quotations written by the city scribe in Dürer's workshop to his instructions. Later they were presented by the city council to the Elector Maximilian I of Bavaria as a token of respect. As to the self-portrait, that probably belonged to the Senate at the time of Dürer's death in 1528, and certainly from 1575 to the end of the eighteenth century.

Among many greater names from that of Botticelli to Velasquez the eye is caught by the extraordinary serenity of the flat plain and tall trees of the Madonna by Il Francia, known as "The Madonna in the Rose Garden," in which the Child lies on the ground and the Virgin stands upright with rose bushes forming a low hedge beyond which the nearly empty landscape recedes to the horizon. This was originally in the Church of the Capuchins at Modena and eventually belonged to the Empress Josephine at Malmaison. After her death it was bought by the Crown Prince Ludwig of Bavaria. When I first saw this painting, I remember wondering what there was about it which would specially appeal to Josephine; it seemed somehow to be just a little out of keeping with what we know of her character—or, rather, with what I thought I knew, for the more one delves into her life the more one is baffled by the conflicting opinions of the friends and enemies of this dazzling nobody from the islands of the West who was destined to play so extraordinary a rôle on the European stage. But a moment's reflection provided the possible answer—in her last years in her unpretentious country retreat at Malmaison, Josephine, with the valuable advice of the greatest gardener of the day, Redouté, was a devoted rose-grower. If for no other reason, the Virgin and Child would have an irresistible appeal for her.

All such books as these are reminders of past pleasures—of the moment, for example, when I first caught sight of the extraordinary Altdorfer of "The Battle of Alexander on the Issus River," with its apocalyptic vision of the sunset beyond ranges of blue, craggy mountains, the tender, gawky naïveté of some of the anonymous German primitives or the marvellous "Lamentation" by Nicolas Poussin, wherein two little winged cherubs are lost in bitter grief—to my mind one of the world's greatest and most moving religious pictures. And then, to note less exalted themes, there are the tavern paintings of Brouwer, a pretty Metsu and a Van Mieris, and that exquisite Boucher sedately called "Nude on a Sofa" in the catalogue, the model for which was the pretty and notorious little Miss Murphy, who lies on her stomach with a blue ribbon in her hair. Soon after the London exhibition in 1949 a friend asked me whether I had noticed this picture—I had to reply "No." I was living then in Lincolnshire. One day I met the postman at the garden gate; he had an unusually conspiratorial smile on his face as he handed me a picture postcard of this little Miss Murphy. Underneath was written, "This is what you missed last week."

Two volumes of the famous "Lists" of Mr. Bernard Berenson, indispensable to the serious study of Italian paintings, come from Phaidon.† They are greatly enlarged and revised

* "The Munich Pinakothek." Text by Ernst Buchner. With 42 reproductions in full colour and 98 in monochrome. (Thames and Hudson; 6 gns.)

and now for the first time contain illustrations—over 600 in Vol. I and over 700 in Vol. II. In a characteristic preface, B. B. gives the credit for the learning, the consultation of printed sources, to others, and himself assumes responsibility for the attributions. The whole encyclopaedic compilation, dealing only with the Venetians, is, of course, an impressive monument to a life far beyond the normal span which has been devoted single-mindedly to these and similar studies. The light-hearted picture-taster will perhaps find these volumes tedious at first sight—even alarming; but if he should momentarily give them his undivided attention, he will begin to realise what an immense experience has gone to their making and with what enthusiasm, at once austere and affectionate, they have been composed. Before long he will find himself absorbed by—to take just one example—the lists of authentic paintings by Giorgione, copies of existing or lost compositions, Giorgionesque paintings, and Giorgionesque furniture paintings. There is the copy by Cariani, at Bergamo, of the Glasgow "Christ and the Adulteress" before its mutilation duly noted, and against many the ominous letter "r," i.e., restored, ruined or repainted.

In short, these volumes include autograph pictures, pictures which the artists painted with more or less assistance, and copies, provided they faithfully transcribe lost works. In the preface to the 1932 edition occur the words, "Even the few painters who used an impeccable technique, almost as hard as enamel, could not hinder the fading of colours, the 'mellowing,' as we call it,



IN 1949 a selection of paintings from the Munich Pinakothek was shown in London at the National Gallery, the Munich building having been seriously damaged during the war. The whole collection, built up over the years largely by the enlightened taste of successive members of the Wittelsbach family, by shrewd purchases during the last half-century and, in the sixteenth century, by certain monastic spoliations, has long been one of the noblest in Europe, and is specially rich in



AMONG THE 140 MASTERPIECES FROM THE MUNICH PINAKOTHEK ILLUSTRATED IN THE FINE THAMES AND HUDSON VOLUME REVIEWED HERE BY FRANK DAVIS: "SELF-PORTRAIT IN A FUR COAT, 1500," BY ALBRECHT DÜRER.

paintings by Rubens. The doors of the Alte Pinakothek reopened in 1957 after an interval of eighteen years, and now a sumptuous volume of 140 of its masterpieces has been published—42 plates in colour and 98 in black-and-white.*

Not least among the treasures, though doubtless lacking the popular appeal of Rubens' portraits of himself with his first wife Isabella Brant and his second Helena Fourment—so beautifully compounded of pride, joy and tenderness—are the Dürers, notably the intensely personal "Self-portrait in a Fur Coat," long ago accepted as a symbol of how, as man and artist, he wished to appear to the world, and still criticised in some quarters as coming too close for mortal man to an idealised portrait of Christ. But of all the Dürers, the most powerful, though to the casual visitor by no means the most attractive, is surely "The Four Apostles"; two monumental panels, in which a menacing, fanatic St. Paul, the sword of faith in hand, stands next to a grave St. Mark, and the venerable St. Peter is the companion of a gentle St. John, a noble figure in green and red, whose features, we are told, are those of the scholar Melanchthon. The history of those two panels is of exceptional interest. Dürer gave them to the Nuremberg Senate in 1526 and they were erected in the Senate Chamber. Apparently Dürer had originally proposed to paint a St. Philip instead of St. Paul; in 1525 he painted St. Paul and St. Mark, and at the same time the second panel also. The two were intended for an altar, but in that year the Nuremberg Senate threw its lot with the Reformation. Consequently, the altar was no longer required and the pictures, as the catalogue points out, stood "as witnesses to the



ONE OF THE 1333 ILLUSTRATIONS IN THE NEW PHAIDON EDITION OF BERNARD BERENSON'S "ITALIAN PICTURES OF THE RENAISSANCE—VENETIAN SCHOOL": A WONDERFUL MADONNA BY GIOVANNI BELLINI IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON.

of time. Indeed, thus 'mellowed,' they please our taste, as colourless sculpture, unknown in antiquity, pleases it. The pictures as they left the Old Masters' hands would horrify most people with their bright tints." How true this is and what an outcry was heard when the National Gallery began to reveal some of the bright tints by removing an accumulation of centuries of dirt and yellow varnish. Writing in 1957, B. B. concludes thus: "I trust this illustrated catalogue will prove helpful to the most carping critics. To them I would say with the slave-philosopher Epictetus to an irate master, 'Strike, but listen!'"

† "Italian Pictures of the Renaissance—Venetian School": A list of the principal artists and their works with an index of places, by Bernard Berenson. In two Volumes: Volume I with 628 illustrations and Volume II with 705 illustrations. (Phaidon Press; 47s. 6d. per volume.)

TWENTIETH-CENTURY ARTISTS PAST AND PRESENT: WORKS FROM EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND PARIS.



"LE SIEGE D'ORLEANS": ONE OF THE JOAN OF ARC SERIES IN THE BERNARD BUFFET EXHIBITION AT THE GALERIE DAVID ET GARNIER, PARIS. Bernard Buffet's latest work is to be seen in the seven large paintings relating to the life story of Joan of Arc, which comprise his current exhibition at the Galerie David et Garnier, Avenue Matignon. At the Galerie Charpentier there is a retrospective exhibition of the work of this young artist, who enjoys the greatest popularity in France. M. Buffet has done the décor for the ballet "*Le Rendez-vous Manqué*."



"PIERROT": ONE OF TWO WORKS BY GEORGES ROUAULT IN THE CURRENT EXHIBITION AT THE LEFEVRE GALLERY. ROUAULT DIED IN PARIS AT THE AGE OF EIGHTY-SIX ON FEBRUARY 13. PAINTED IN ABOUT 1928.
(Oil on paper: 25½ by 19½ ins.)



"LA CHAMBRE VERTE": A PAINTING OF 1905 BY EDOUARD VUILLARD (1864-1940), BY WHOM THERE ARE THREE WORKS IN THE LEFEVRE EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS BY "TWENTIETH-CENTURY FRENCH MASTERS."
(Oil on board: 24 by 21½ ins.)



"GIRL FULL LENGTH, BARE FEET": A FINE DRAWING BY AUGUSTUS JOHN IN THE EXHIBITION OF IMPORTANT CONTEMPORARIES AT ARTHUR TOOTH'S.
(Pencil: 13½ by 7½ ins.)



"AUTUMN LANDSCAPE, 1923," BY PAUL NASH (1889-1946), WHO IS REPRESENTED BY TWO PAINTINGS AND TWO WATER-COLOURS IN MESSRS. TOOTH'S EXHIBITION.
(Oil on canvas: 30 by 22 ins.)

Under the title of "To-day and Yesterday," Messrs. Arthur Tooth and Sons, 31, Bruton Street, have assembled thirty-six paintings, drawings and sculptures, ranging from a drawing of 1899 by Augustus John, to recent paintings by William Scott. William Brooker, Spencer Gore, Graham Sutherland, Matthew Smith and Tristram Hillier are among the other artists represented in this exhibition, which continues until March 8.



"NATURE MORTE": A SUPERB WORK OF 1903 BY HENRI MATISSE (1869-1955), IN THE EXHIBITION AT THE LEFEVRE GALLERY, 30, BRUTON STREET. (Oil on canvas: 23½ by 28½ ins.) The Rouault, Vuillard and Matisse shown on this page are among the eighteen paintings by "Twentieth-Century French Masters" in the exhibition which continues at the Lefevre Gallery until Easter. This fine group also includes three Fauve period works by André Derain, three paintings by Raoul Dufy, and two of about 1930 by Pierre Bonnard. Braque, Juan Gris, Modigliani and Utrillo are also all interestingly represented.



"NATURE MORTE A L'ETAIN": IN THE EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS BY SIMON-LÉVY AT THE WILDENSTEIN GALLERIES, 147, NEW BOND STREET. (Oil on canvas: 18 by 23½ ins.) There are some forty portraits, still-lives and landscapes in the first English exhibition of the work of Simon-Lévy, which continues at Messrs. Wildenstein's until March 22. Born in the last decade of the nineteenth century at Strasbourg, this artist has developed a style much influenced by the work of Cézanne and Derain—by the former in his landscapes and still-lives and by the latter in his portraits, which dominate this exhibition.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



WE had *Ernie* as a guest for a fortnight. She is the pet of my young friend, Nicholas Tindall. One day, walking across the playground with a school-fellow, he saw a female stoat with, as he thought, a bird in her mouth. The two boys gave chase to rescue the bird. The stoat dropped its burden and ran into the long grass. The "bird" proved to be a baby stoat. Its mother chattered at the boys from the long grass, but preferred to lose her offspring rather than take further risks with her own skin, so Nicholas was left with a young stoat to hand-rear.

THE EGG AND *ERMIE*.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

her nose, back on to the armchair, where the sock was thrown on to the seat for her to play with. She seized it in her teeth and started to roll in such a way that in no time she and the sock were hopelessly intertwined. They looked like a pair of mis-shapen snakes engaged in a vigorous wrestling match. This was alternated with holding the sock in her teeth and dragging it backwards.

At one point in the performance, *Ernie* left the sock lying on the seat of the chair and performed a circus act over it. She leapt swiftly from one arm to the other, and back again, repeatedly in rapid succession, bounced on to the sock itself, ran around the seat of the chair, back on to the arms, and so on. It was

all carried out, as were all her movements, at high speed. She pounced at an egg so that her fore-paws were just the other side of the egg. Then, placing her nose under the egg on that side, she threw her hind-quarters into the air.

She soon tired of this and contented herself with scrabbling rapidly at an egg with both paws, as if she might be trying to scratch it open. Nevertheless, she made no attempt to crack the shell with the teeth, and it is even doubtful whether the scrabbling was not merely another phase in the play. The next phase included dragging one egg at a time backward through the straw, holding it under the chin and between the fore-paws. The precise way in which this was done was difficult to see, partly because of the straw obscuring the sight of it and, again, partly because of the speed with which it was done.

Then came the brilliant climax. Instead of dragging the egg backward she started to push it forward with her nose. Even when pushing it through the straw she travelled sufficiently quickly to make it extremely difficult to photograph. When she had emerged from the straw on to the carpet, however, her speed increased considerably. She piloted the egg with her nose with unbelievable speed right across the carpet. This performance was so spectacular that it seemed worth while persuading her to repeat it with a view to obtaining photographs of it. When she had "dribbled" the egg right across the room



"INSTEAD OF DRAGGING THE EGG BACKWARD SHE STARTED TO PUSH IT FORWARD WITH HER NOSE": *ERMIE* ABOUT TO PUSH THE HEN'S EGG FROM THE PILE OF STRAW ON TO THE CARPET, WHERE SHE THEN PROCEEDED TO "DRIBBLE" IT SWIFTLY ACROSS THE ROOM.

When she was first brought into our living-room the stoat, now well-grown, wandered over her young owner's shoulders, dived into his pockets, kissed his lips, all at the usual incredible speed of these long-bodied carnivores. Then she took a flying leap and landed on my shoulder, ran down my arm, back again on to my shoulder, gently bit the lobe of my ear and introductions were complete. The purpose of having *Ernie* "on loan" was primarily to study her, as a representative of her species. Naturally, the cameras were always ready to record anything interesting. The photographic results are disappointing because she usually chose to perform her most interesting tricks either when we were not ready to record them or out of range of the camera. The results from the zoological point of view are more rewarding. If we learned nothing else, we were fully instructed on just how quickly a stoat can move when it chooses, as well as the agility it can display in rapid manoeuvre, and in climbing provided it has the slightest hold for its claws.

The outstanding feature of her activities, as we saw them, was the intensity with which she would play with a particular object and, by contrast, how quickly she would tire of it. The first episode in this series came the next evening after her arrival. The film camera was set up in front of a deep armchair. *Ernie* was placed upon the seat of the chair and, practically without hesitation, she set out on a voyage of inspection. There was a swift flash and she had disappeared over the arm, only to appear a second later upon the top of the chair's back, peeping from behind a cushion resting thereon. From there she travelled rapidly over the sides, back, arms and every part of the chair, ending up with a game of hide-and-seek, in which she appeared from under the cushion, first on one side, then on the other.

Tiring of this she leapt to an occasional table on which stood a flowerpot containing a treasured growing plant. In no time *Ernie* had conceived an ambition. It was to stand on her hind-feet and with lightning-like digging actions of her front paws to empty the pot of its earth. She was attracted away with a woollen sock dangled before

all carried out at such speed that, although it consisted of such a number of actions, it did not last long. Suddenly tiring of this, the stoat dashed across the floor and behind a heavy carved chest, the tall back of which was little more than an inch from the wall. Here she was thoroughly at home. We could hear her climbing up and down and back and forth behind the chest, and nothing would tempt her out. We were compelled to drag out this heavy chest, and at the crucial moment *Ernie* left it and dashed across the floor to a hide-out behind a heavy iron chest.

This is a typical example of what happens when a tame stoat is let loose in a furnished room. The main point to be emphasised is that she soon exhausted her interest in the woollen sock, and after that she gave only desultory attention to it.

Occasionally one reads or hears of a stoat carrying off an egg. One such account, published within recent years, describes how a stoat was seen jumping down the steps of a hen-house, erect and holding an egg clasped in its front legs against the chest. Obviously, we wanted to see what would happen if *Ernie* had access to an egg. A small pile of straw was arranged on the floor, to represent a hen's nest, and two eggs were placed in it. *Ernie* was placed on the ground beside the straw. She grew excited as she extended her nose, sniffing busily, towards the spot where the eggs lay hidden in the straw. She searched among the straw and finally found the eggs. Her first reaction was to perform hand-stands over the eggs,



KISSING THE LIPS OF HER YOUNG OWNER: *ERMIE*, THE STOAT, WITH NICHOLAS TINDALL, WHO HAND-REARED HER.

Photographs by Jane Burton.

it was picked up and placed in its former position in the nest. Robbed of her toy, *Ernie* ran back to the nest and again "dribbled" the egg swiftly across the room. This was repeated a dozen times and several pictures taken. (When finally processed all these proved to be out of focus.) Now it was time for a film shot. The egg was put back into the nest as before, but *Ernie* had lost interest.

How this incident can be related to the behaviour of the stoat as a wild animal is not easy to see. One thing that interests me more especially here is that we had enacted before us a piece of exceptional behaviour. It was exceptional in that it was not repeated and seems unlikely to be. For three days following these episodes, *Ernie* had eggs available to her but she ignored them.

THE ANTICS OF *ERMIE*: A STOAT IN THE HOME.



TAKING STOCK OF HER SURROUNDINGS: *ERMIE* SITTING ERECT IN THE MANNER SEEN IN MANY ANIMALS THAT MOVE ABOUT IN LONG GRASS.



AN EXPERT CLIMBER ON ANY MATERIAL INTO WHICH SHE CAN INSERT HER CLAWS: *ERMIE* SEEN MAKING A RAPID DESCENT DOWN AN 8-FT.-LONG CURTAIN.



APPEARING TO WATCH ALL THAT IS GOING ON, YET THE INDICATIONS ARE THAT A STOAT IS VERY SHORT-SIGHTED: *ERMIE* IN AN ATTITUDE OF CURIOSITY.



ERMIE STRETCHING HERSELF ON THE TOP OF A SEAGRASS STOOL. SHE WILL DRAG HER BODY OVER ANY YIELDING SURFACE AS IF ENJOYING THE SENSATION.



A TEMPTATION WHICH PROVED IRRESISTIBLE: *ERMIE* DIGGING UP A POT OF BULBS. SHE WOULD HAVE EMPTIED IT OF EARTH HAD SHE BEEN ALLOWED TO.



"THEY LOOKED LIKE A PAIR OF MIS-SHAPEN SNAKES ENGAGED IN A VIGOROUS WRESTLING MATCH": *ERMIE* PLAYING WITH A WOOLLEN SOCK.



HOLDING IT IN HER TEETH: *ERMIE* PLAYING WITH THE SOCK, OF WHICH SHE SOON TIRED AND SUDDENLY LOST ALL INTEREST.

The wild stoat is a relentless killer and quick to bite in self-defence. Tamed, and unafraid of human contact, those same qualities which serve it so well as a hunter make it an attractive pet. Its outstanding characteristics, which can be fully seen when it is tamed, are its extreme agility, the remarkable suppleness of its body, and, above all, the lightning speed with which all its movements are carried out. *Ermie* (her full name is *Ermentrude*), who can be seen in the photographs on this page, was hand-reared from early infancy by Nicholas Tindall, of Guildford, Surrey. Although completely tame, she shows all the tricks of her wild relatives in full measure, making it possible

to study the ways of a stoat at close quarters. Apart from her remarkable agility and swiftness in movement, another characteristic stands out. This is that *Ermie* will soon tire of a chosen plaything, so that one wonders whether the stoat's traditional relentlessness in pursuit of its prey may not perhaps be something of a myth. It suggests rather that if a stoat does not make a quick kill it may more probably lose interest and look for another quarry. *Ermie* was Dr. Burton's guest for a fortnight and it was during this time that his daughter, Jane, took the photographs which are shown here and on the facing page on which Dr. Burton discusses *Ermie's* behaviour.

Photographs by Jane Burton.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



THAT great gardener, the late E. A. Bowles, set aside a small portion of his famous garden at Middleton House, in Hertfordshire, for the reception of

crazy plants, freaks such as the green primrose, the hen-and-chickens double daisy, and the twisted, contorted hazel tree, *Corylus avellana contorta*. He called it "The Lunatic Asylum," and under that title wrote an account of it—a whole chapter—in his book "My Garden in Spring," the first in his delightful and fascinating trilogy of garden books—"My Garden in Spring," "My Garden in Summer," and "My Garden in Autumn and Winter."

CRAZY PLANTS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

taught that all the parts of flowers, petals, sepals, anthers, etc., are nothing but modified leaves.

I have grown the green rose in the past, and now have it no more. It is amusing to have a few crazy plant curios of this sort with which to astonish the simple-minded when they come round. But perhaps it is a trifle simple-minded to take pleasure in astonishing the simple-minded, and, at the same time, equally simple-minded not to mind being simple-minded. I don't.

The hen-and-chickens daisy is well worth having in the garden. It has pink double flowers, from around the base of which spring a number of smaller double daisies on $\frac{1}{2}$ -in. stems. They certainly suggest a mother hen with a clutch of small chicks at heel. I have had it in the past, and lost it, and then last summer a good neighbour, a mighty gardener before the Lord, gave me a clump—greatly to my delight.

A peculiarity of these crazy plants of the garden lunatic asylum is that there is nothing morbid or unpleasant about them. At least, not to ordinary normal folk, though there are, of course, fanatics who make almost a religion of detesting every sort of abnormality among plants, variegated leaves (both gold and silver), fastigate habit, as in the Lombardy poplar—even double flowers. Ah well! it takes all sorts of lunatics to make a loony-bin, so perhaps my mild liking for crazy plants will land me there eventually.

When it comes to deliberately man-made lunacy among plants and flowers, my attitude is different. In the great cause of improving plants, fruits, vegetables and flowers, plant-breeders have achieved some magnificent successes, and, incidentally, some truly lunatic horrors, especially among the flowers. But then, of course, one must remember that it is all a matter of taste. What one man—or woman—thinks charming, beautiful, another will know to be utterly ensanguined. Many flower horrors must inevitably crop up in the course of the plant-breeders' work, horrors which, in my view, ought to have been strangled at birth, or, rather, burnt at the stake, or buried alive in the compost heap. But alas, the plant-breeder is often in the job for a living, and so is apt to realise that the gaudy, gory vulgarity of such flowers will set all Chelsea on fire, and sell like hot cakes. Think of some of the dahlias which find their way into commerce, the sheer lunatic phantasies compared with the perfectly charming dahlias which, thank goodness, predominate.

With orchids it is different. I know practically nothing about orchids except that almost without exception the most matter-of-fact of them are slightly touched, whilst the majority are definitely bats. Some of them, especially the cymbidiums, are, to me, really beautiful. But even the loveliest cymbidiums share the kink peculiar to the whole family of not being content to look purely vegetable. Some try to ape people, often evil people, some imitate insects, preferably sinister insects, wasps, hornets, spiders (are spiders insects?) and tiny stinging horrors, or the minute but deadly "nymphs" which fly-fishers use. Even the sumptuous cattleyas somehow manage to suggest a certain type of sumptuous women who fain would have them nestling among their sumptuous charms. As a race they are clearly lunatic, fascinating but lunatic, and hybridisation, artificial intermarriage, has greatly aggravated their drift from the vegetable world.

In fact, when I meet some of the more advanced cases at flower shows, I find myself thinking—much marriage hath made thee mad.



"LOOKING LIKE SOME FANTASTIC CHINESE DRAWING": THE TWISTED HAZEL, *CORYLUS AVELLANA CONTORTA*. THIS IS THE ACTUAL TREE GROWING IN THE "LUNATIC ASYLUM" IN THE LATE MR. E. A. BOWLES' FAMOUS GARDEN IN HERTFORDSHIRE.

Photograph by J. E. Downward.

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Those three books are surely among the most valuable of all garden books of the discursive type, discussing as they do with profound horticultural and botanical knowledge, an enormously wide range of interesting and beautiful plants, their cultivation and their lore. Unfortunately they have long been out of print. The first, "My Garden in Spring," was published in 1914, and unfortunately they have never been re-published, which is surely a very great pity. There are all too few garden books of that calibre. On the other hand, the outpouring deluge of garden books of the dreariest kind, in recent years, has been terrific (special spelling to suit the occasion)—and suffocating. Oh those yards and yards of garden books on the bookshop shelves—"All About" this, "The ABC" of that, and "How to Grow" the other, "for Pleasure and Profit." For the authors of some of these books a study of the A.B.C. of Queen's English would seem to be indicated. What a relief it would be to see Mr. Bowles' three volumes again available, with colour plates produced by modern processes. Many of the colour plates in my treasured copies have faded badly, and too many, alas, are deciduous.

Most, if not all, the inmates of Mr. Bowles' "Lunatic Asylum" were freaks of nature as opposed to the crazy freaks which have been wrought by plant breeders, freaks which have cropped up from time to time, in gardens, or in the wild. A good example of such spontaneous lunatics is the contorted or corkscrew hazel. This was found growing in a hedge by the late Lord Ducie, at Frocester, in Gloucestershire, and transplanted to his garden. The whole plant, trunk, stems and twigs, is violently twisted and contorted, and even the leaves are distorted in a most curious way. The tree looks best when leafless, in winter, for then one can see the stems and twigs in all their fascinating form, looking like some fantastic Chinese drawing.

This strange lunatic hazel has now found its way into a few nurseries of the kind which run to rare and interesting trees and shrubs in addition to what might be called bread-and-butter plants. The green rose is another crazy phenomenon, more interesting than beautiful. It is a freak form of the old China or Monthly rose, in which the petals have become leaf-like, having lost their soft petal texture and pink colour, and assumed—or reverted to—the tougher texture and green colour of leaves. I say reverted, because I seem to remember being

SOME PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND EVENTS OF NOTE.



A TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY: CROWN PRINCE HARALD OF NORWAY, SEEN HERE IN HIS NORWEGIAN MILITARY ACADEMY UNIFORM.
Crown Prince Harald of Norway celebrated his 21st birthday on February 21. At midday he was to attend his first Cabinet meeting, and in the evening a large party at the Oslo Royal Palace was to be held. He is at present attending the Norwegian Military Academy. He was educated in Norway on returning from the United States of America in 1945.



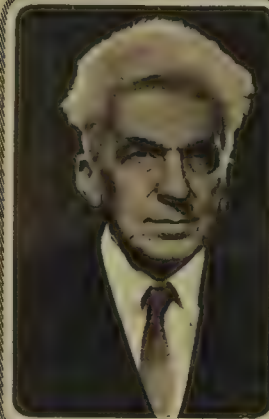
TO MEET IN STOCKHOLM EARLY THIS MONTH: PRINCESS MARGARETHA OF SWEDEN AND MR. ROBIN DOUGLAS-HOME.

In a statement from the Swedish Royal Household on February 20 it was announced that Mr. Robin Douglas-Home would be visiting Stockholm early in March to study the commercial activities of the Esselte Co., and that during his stay he would meet Princess Margaretha. It was announced last year that Mr. Douglas-Home had asked for the Princess's hand but had been refused. He was then a pianist in a London hotel, and has since become a company director.



REPRESENTING AMERICA IN THE ATTEMPT TO SETTLE DIFFERENCES BETWEEN FRANCE AND TUNISIA: MR. R. MURPHY.

Mr. Robert Murphy, Deputy Under-Secretary in the State Department, is the American representative in the attempt to settle the differences between France and Tunisia, for which Britain and the U.S.A. have offered their good offices. He arrived in London on Feb. 22, and met the British representative, Mr. H. Beeley, the Premier and the Foreign Secretary.



(Left.) THE NEW HUNGARIAN FOREIGN MINISTER: DR. ENDRE SIK.
Dr. Endre Sik, Deputy Foreign Minister, has been appointed Hungarian Foreign Minister in succession to Mr. Horvath, who died recently, it was announced by Budapest radio. Dr. Sik has spent a considerable part of his life in the Soviet Union, and has defended the Kadar régime at the United Nations General Assembly.



AT HIS INSTALLATION AS RECTOR OF EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY: DR. JAMES ROBERTSON JUSTICE BEING CHAIRED BY STUDENTS.

At a ceremony attended by a noisy but good-natured audience of students, Dr. James Robertson Justice, the bearded film actor, was installed as Rector of Edinburgh University in the McEwan Hall on Feb. 20, and was invested with his robes of office by the Duke of Edinburgh. The Duke is Chancellor of the University.

(Right.) THE FRANCO-TUNISIAN PROBLEM: THE TUNISIAN PRESIDENT, M. BOURGUIBA.
President Bourguiba of Tunisia on Feb. 22 rejected French proposals that the discussions in which the British and American "good offices" representatives were to take part should be restricted to Franco-Tunisian differences, and hoped the talks might lead to a solution of the Algerian problem.



(Right.) IN FIVE REIGNS AN M.P.: VISCOUNT LAMBERT.
Lord Lambert, who died aged 91 on February 17, represented South Molton, Devon, as a Liberal from 1891 to 1924, and from 1929 to 1931, and as a National Liberal from 1931 to 1945, in which year he was created a Viscount. He had been Civil Lord of the Admiralty and was an authority on agriculture.



(Left.) A DEATH FOLLOWING THE MUNICH CRASH: DUNCAN EDWARDS.
Duncan Edwards, one of the Manchester United footballers who were injured in the air crash at Munich on Feb. 6, died in hospital there early on Feb. 21. The funeral was to take place at St. Francis' Church, Priory Estate, Dudley, Worcestershire, on February 26. He was twenty-one years old.



A CHAMPION RACING DRIVER KIDNAPPED: J. M. FANGIO.
Armed gunmen kidnapped world champion racing driver Juan Manuel Fangio from his hotel in Havana, Cuba, on February 23, the day before he was to drive in the Cuban Grand Prix race. The kidnapping was thought to be a demonstration by Cuban rebels. Fangio was released unharmed after the race, which was won by Stirling Moss.



THE NEW SPANISH AMBASSADOR: THE MARQUES DE SANTA CRUZ.
The Marques de Santa Cruz has been appointed Spanish Ambassador in London, it was announced in Madrid on February 7. He succeeds the Duke of Primo de Rivera, who resigned recently. Since 1955 he has been Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. The announcement was made after a meeting of the Spanish Cabinet.



SIR WINSTON'S ILLNESS: LORD MORAN ENTERING THE VILLA AT ROQUEBRUNE.

Lord Moran, who has been attending Sir Winston Churchill during his illness at Roquebrune-Cap Martin, is his personal physician, and during the war accompanied him on most of his overseas flights. He was President of the Royal College of Physicians from 1941 to 1950.

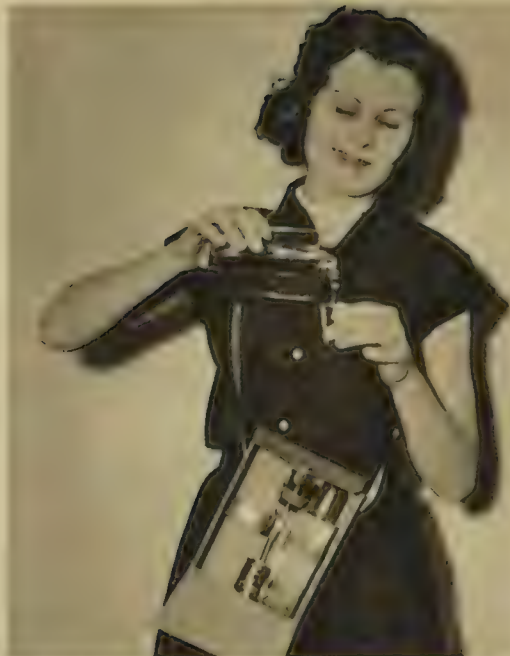


AN EVENTFUL TIME IN THE SUDAN: ABDULLAH KHALIL.
After laying claim to areas in north Sudan, the Egyptian Government decided to settle the dispute after the Sudanese elections—the first since Sudanese independence in 1956—which were to begin on February 27. Abdullah Khalil, the Prime Minister, leads the Umma Party, which has strong religious support in northern Sudan. He is also Minister of Defence.



THE NEW JORDAN AMBASSADOR: H.E. ASSAYED ABDUL MONEM RIFA'I.
The new Jordan Ambassador in London, his Excellency Assayed Abdul Monem Rifa'i, presented his letters of credence to the Queen at Buckingham Palace on Feb. 21. His Excellency, who was driven to the Palace by coach, was accompanied by four members of the Jordan Embassy, who were presented to her Majesty.

WINNERS—AND LEATHER: HOME NEWS IN PICTURES



THERE 'S NOTHING LIKE LEATHER—TO MAKE A PORTABLE BAR: AN EXHIBIT AT THE RECENT LEATHER FAIR.



A BIG HANDBAG, BUT A SMALL RADIO RECEIVER INCLUDED—ANOTHER EXHIBIT AT THE LEATHER FAIR. COSTING ABOUT 45 GUINEAS.



POODLES ARE ADAPTABLE AND THIS ONE SEEMS CONTENT ENOUGH WITH HIS "POODLE BAG"; A SPECIALLY DESIGNED MEANS OF TRANSPORT FOR SMALL DOGS.

The leather industry is one in which British craftsmen have for many years held a world-wide high reputation; and many of the skills of the trade were demonstrated in the Leather Goods Industries Fair which opened at Kensington Palace Hotel on February 17. Our pictures are chosen to show there 's nothing like leather—for a variety of unusual purposes.



WINNERS OF THE RECORD FOOTBALL POOLS PRIZE: MR. AND MRS. W. J. BROCKWELL, WHO WON £206,028 FOR A 2D. STAKE, WITH THEIR TWO CHILDREN, ELAINE, THREE, AND MICHAEL, NINE MONTHS. On February 18 it was learnt that the previous record prize of £205,000 had been exceeded by a Littlewoods No-Limit Treble Chance win of £206,028, which was received by a foreman cellarman, Mr. W. J. Brockwell, of Church Side, Epsom, and his wife. Mr. Brockwell's usual wages are between £11 and £12.



WINNER OF THE OLNEY PANCAKE RACE FOR THE SECOND YEAR: MISS SANDRA SIBLEY, WHO ALSO DEFEATED THE AMERICAN CHALLENGE RUN AT LIBERAL, KANSAS.

On Shrove Tuesday, Miss Sibley, a nineteen-year-old machinist, again won the pancake race in 1 min. 10.8 secs.—2.8 secs. better than last year; and also won the international event, the winner at Liberal, Kansas, Miss Mary Collingwood, taking 1 min. 12 secs. for the 415-yard course. Miss Collingwood was also the winner at Liberal last year.



SURVIVORS OF THE MUNICH AIR DISASTER: THE MANCHESTER UNITED PLAYERS KEN MORGANS (LEFT) AND DENNIS VIOLETT, WITH MRS. VIOLETT, LEAVING THE MUNICH HOSPITAL.

On February 19 Manchester United made their first appearance after the Munich air disaster in which they suffered so heavily, fielding a side consisting of two survivors, seven reserves and two newly-signed players; and playing brilliantly, defeated Sheffield Wednesday 3—0 in the fifth round of the Cup.



COMING OUT FOR THEIR CUP-TIE: MANCHESTER UNITED, RE-MADE AFTER THE MUNICH DISASTER, LED BY THEIR CAPTAIN (A SURVIVOR), BILLY FOULKES.



DANCING JOHANN STRAUSS'S "THE BLUE DANUBE" WALTZ: MEMBERS OF THE VIENNESE STATE OPERA BALLET AT THE TRADITIONAL OPERA BALL.



OPENING THE OPERA BALL IN VIENNA ON FEBRUARY 13: MEMBERS OF THE YOUNG LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S COMMITTEE LINED UP FOR THE POLONAISE.

THE HIGHLIGHT OF VIENNA'S CARNIVAL SEASON: THE ENCHANTING OPERA BALL IN THE STATE OPERA HOUSE.

The charm and elegance that is traditionally associated with the name of Vienna comes into its own each year at Carnival time. The climax of this season of balls and festivities is the magnificent Opera Ball, held in the State Opera House in a blaze of colour and light. This year the Opera Ball, which was held on February 13, was attended, as usual, by the President of the Austrian Republic, Dr. Adolf Schärf. Hundreds of guests thronged the Opera House to

watch the traditional opening of the Ball—the dancing of the Polonaise by members of the Young Ladies' and Gentlemen's Committee. This was followed by a performance by members of the Viennese State Opera Ballet, after which the general dancing began. The Vienna Opera House, which was heavily damaged during the war, was reopened in November 1955, with an entirely modernised interior, while the original exterior was carefully restored.

THE U.S.A.'S WORST STORM OF THE WINTER.



AFTER A NEW YORK FIRE IN WHICH SIX FIREMEN WERE KILLED, SNOW FROM THE GREAT ATLANTIC BLIZZARD HAS BLANKETED THE GUTTED RUINS OF A ROPE- AND TWINE-MAKING FACTORY.



AT BOWIE, MARYLAND, WHERE THE STORM WHICH SWEEPED NORTHWARDS TRAPPED A RACE MEETING AND LED TO THE MAROONING OF SOME 3000 CARS.

SNOW IN AMERICA, FROM CAROLINA NORTH.



CLEARING THE DEEP SNOW FROM THE STEPS OF THE WHITE HOUSE IN WASHINGTON, WHERE BUSINESS WAS BROUGHT TO A STANDSTILL.

DURING the week-end of February 15-16, while Great Britain and France were enjoying balmy spring-like weather, the worst storm of the American winter, starting over the Louisiana coast on February 14, swept up the whole eastern half of the United States. During several days temperatures of 30 degs. below zero, falls of nearly 5 ft. of snow and 50 m.p.h. winds were recorded. The worst areas were the Carolinas, Maryland, Virginia and the District of Washington before the storm swept up to New England. Washington's Government and business life was brought to a standstill and Government workers were asked not to go to their offices unless their work was vital. Some 209 persons died as a result of the storm.



AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE BOWIE RACECOURSE IN MARYLAND, SHOWING SNOW-COVERED CARS TWO DAYS AFTER THEY WERE ABANDONED.



PART OF A THREE-MILE-LONG ICE JAM IN THE FRENCH BROAD RIVER IN NORTH CAROLINA, WHICH THREATENED THE TOWN OF MARSHALL. THE STORM BROUGHT DEEP SNOW, SEVERE COLD AND HIGH WINDS.



ON THE MISSISSIPPI NEAR CAIRO, ILLINOIS: A LARGE TUG ATTEMPTING TO BREAK A WAY THROUGH THE ICE TO RELIEVE OTHER TUGS AND SOME 200 OR MORE TRAPPED BARGES.



ARRIVING IN TRIPOLI DURING "EXERCISE QUICKSTEP"—THE RECENT JOINT ARMY AND R.A.F. AIR MOBILITY EXERCISE: TROOPS AND EQUIPMENT BEING UNLOADED FROM A BEVERLEY AIRCRAFT AT IDRIS.

About 500 officers and men of the 24th Infantry Brigade, with 10 tons of equipment and eleven *Land-Rovers* and trailers, arrived at Idris airfield, in Tripoli, on February 17 and 18. They were taking part in a combined R.A.F. and Army high-speed air mobility exercise called "Exercise Quickstep." The troops were transported by air in *Comet*, *Hastings* and *Beverley* aircraft from Lyneham, in Wiltshire, and Abingdon, in Berkshire. The aim of the exercise was to practise units of the strategic reserve and R.A.F. Transport Command in carrying out an air move at short notice and the subsequent

deployment of advance elements of the Brigade in the first stages of an action at any trouble centre. The exercise was not to practise any particular plan. The joint staff work and procedures involved in the execution of the move apply equally for an air move to any part of the world. Neither the choice of Tripoli as a destination, nor the setting of the exercise had any significance, but Tripoli met the requirements necessary for the various stages of the exercise. "Exercise Quickstep" ended on February 20, when the last soldiers of the 24th Infantry Brigade left Idris R.A.F. airfield for England.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

BEGINNING WITH WITCHES.

By J. C. TREWIN.

MY week, like some of my favourite nursery stories, began with Witches: the Weird Sisters ("When shall we three meet again?"), but by no means the witches of fairy-tale, grotesques in steeple-crowned hats, with a passion for collecting brushwood, and a sinister cackle. (Satan's kingdom does not laugh, John Masefield has said.) For that matter, these three were not the toothless hags loved by character-players with a passion for disguise. They had a

in the Sleepwalking, wisely staged without ankle-twisting steps, that this Lady Macbeth fails to persuade; but then I have always been heretic enough to find the scene over-valued. It is enough to report, I think, that this for me has been the most truly exciting occasion in a packed programme: half a dozen plays in eight nights.

After two of the others, "Roseland" (St. Martin's) and "Keep Your Hair On!" (Apollo),

I remembered Owen Seaman's amusing parody of Meredith: "A strange eruption of brute atavism, this gallery clamour of the Hooligan loud to extinguish the favourable of stalled Intelligence; percipient Judgment merged in the boo of Premeditation. Not without reason was it recorded in the Pilgrim's Scrip: 'The last thing to be civilised by man is the gods.'"

Let me hasten to say that I do not ask the gallery to take this directly to its heart. That passage was written fifty-six years ago, and I have had too many pleasant meetings with the Gallery First-Nighters to throw adjectives at them. Still, after the

second of two luckless premières, the John Cranko musical comedy, "Keep Your Hair On!" (music by John Addison), I did feel that mere silence would have been a better expression of distaste. It can be, says Shakespeare, "the perfectest herald of joy": we know that it means other things as well. The night, I agree, was a sad affair. Apart from one song and some choreographic flickers, "Keep Your Hair On!" is an unsuccessful experiment, over-embroidered. Even so, there was no cause, I suggest, to harry the Danish actor, Erik Mörk, who could not have been held personally responsible for Mr. Cranko's whimsical musing on butterflies. Rachel Roberts, who is meant for the legitimate stage—I saw her as an Old Vic Witch, and splendid she was—had to cope with a deplorable part. Only Betty Marsden, with her bright eyes and her do-or-die comedy methods, came through the evening unscathed. There are some pleasant "blown-up" photographic backgrounds, and I liked surely the biggest motor-car in the world, early in the night.

I will not say much of the other failure, Anthony Péliissier's suspense-play, "Roseland," as it disappeared from the St. Martin's at the end of its week. But I still cannot see why the author (his own director) passed the long talk between Frank Pettingell as a gangster certain that Michael Gough was the man he wanted, and Michael Gough as a pianist of sorts resolutely explaining that he was not the man at all. I thought that the variations on the "You are!"—"I'm not!" dialogue would have gone on to the Last Trump. But there were no trumps in the pack, anyway.

Both of these nights were witch-haunted occasions, spent "unto a dismal and a fatal end." I was less worried by "Epitaph for George Dillon," by John Osborne and Anthony Creighton, at the Royal Court: a little piece about an ambitious sponger, a failure, who finally gets the wrong kind of success. One recognises in the dialogue some of the ingredients of "Look Back In Anger," but that cauldron-brew had not yet been brought to the boil. What we have is tepid comedy, as unimportant as the later play, but far less trying, and with some confident character-performances by such people as Robert Stephens, Yvonne Mitchell, Alison Leggatt, and Wendy Craig.

I was happy after this to meet again the style and poise of "The Chalk Garden." Miss Bagnold's play is a refreshment at any time, and it was good to observe the performances, in a touring company, of Fay Compton and Valerie White as Mrs. St. Maugham and Miss Madrigal. Miss Compton, driving straight at the part with all her professional authority, can command that intricately-manoeuvred luncheon scene, and Miss White is an actress of controlled emotion. I regretted the miscasting of the girl, Laurel; but these things happen, and the play remains what it has always been, a beauty.

"Lysistrata" has been a beauty for 2369 years, and will probably have the playgoers of 1958 warmly in thrall at the Duke of York's. I think



NOW TRANSFERRED TO THE DUKE OF YORK'S: "LYSISTRATA," ARISTOPHANES' PLAY, WRITTEN AND PRODUCED IN 412 B.C., WHICH "WILL PROBABLY HAVE THE PLAYGOERS OF 1958 IN THRALL." THIS SCENE SHOWS THE WOMEN WARDING OFF THE MEN WHEN THEY TRY TO INVADE THEIR FORTRESS.

ghastly marsh-light fascination, and they never took their eyes from the man they pursued.

The play was "Macbeth," at the Birmingham Repertory, where Bernard Hepton—successor to Douglas Seale, now at the Old Vic—had shown, more fully than most directors, the extent of the supernatural influence. He had even added to it, making of the First Witch a Third Murderer for the assault on Banquo (tempting, but I cannot yield yet), and having the trio at the end of all as silent stage-managers of the fights at conquered Dunsinane. Mr. Hepton let them have the last word. Macbeth's body lay in mid-stage. The Witches, surrounding it, began to intone again the words with which the play opens. It was a pity, perhaps, that the director let them speak here: enough for them to environ the body of the man they had driven to his dusty death.

I can change to the present tense, for the production has still a good run ahead of it. It is a heartening revival of the most difficult of the tragedies. Albert Finney, a very young Macbeth, is already practising the giant's stride. Clearly, in the years to be, he will rank as another major artist from Sir Barry Jackson's theatre. He is acting Macbeth with quite extraordinary control and confidence: the part does not totter in mid-career. After the murder we are not precipitated into a gulf from which we never rise—so often the way with a "Macbeth" production. Albert Finney expresses terror, the mind over-wrought, as sharply as any young actor I know. In this revival he does see the dagger—we discern it in his eyes—and he does see Banquo's blood-boltered ghost. And when a Macbeth gets us so far with him, we need not doubt his imagination. What I do feel the actor wants at present is more awareness of the sound of the part. He is actor first: we want more of the glory of the night-haunted verse. That said, a fantastic performance, for so young a player, from the moment that he turns sharply at Ross's entrance on the words "The king . . .", to the ultimate despair under the Witches' mocking gaze.

June Brown, a comparably young Lady Macbeth, shows that the part—"all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand"—need not be imagined as a kind of Brünnhilde. It is only



"ONLY BETTY MARSDEN, WITH HER BRIGHT EYES AND HER DO-OR-DIE COMEDY METHODS, CAME THROUGH THE EVENING UNSCATHED": "KEEP YOUR HAIR ON!" (APOLLO), SHOWING A SCENE FROM "OUTSIDE THE PRISON" IN WHICH BETTY MARSDEN APPEARS DURING THE NUMBER "HELP THE LADY, DAVE."

still that Aristophanes was too single-minded; but the director and designer (Minos Volanakis and Nicholas Georgiadis) keep matters lively on the various tiers of the Acropolis saffron and orange and sage, and Joan Greenwood is in full rapturous (and resolute) purr, with such bewitching people to help her—I use the adjective in its complimentary sense—as Natasha Parry, Patricia Burke, and Patricia Marmont. Somehow, I think that if Aristophanes (translated by Dudley Fitts) were alive to-day, we should see his work only if we belonged to a club theatre. I have to admit once more that I had a gayer evening at "The Rape of the Belt," but this is not to say that "Lysistrata" fails to come across. I began with witches, and I end with them.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

- "KING LEAR" (Oxford).—O.U.D.S. revival. (February 24.)
- "THE SPORT OF MY MAD MOTHER" (Royal Court).—Play by Ann Jellicoe. (February 25.)
- "FALSTAFF" (Sadler's Wells).—Verdi's opera. (February 26.)
- "HUNTER'S MOON" (Winter Garden).—Lesley Nunnerley, Joyce Barbour, and Sebastian Shaw are in the long cast of Marc Connelly's play. (February 26.)
- "TOUCH IT LIGHT" (Strand).—New play directed by Basil Dean. (February 27.)

"THE SILENT ENEMY": A FILM OF COMMANDER CRABB'S WARTIME EXPLOITS.



GOING THROUGH A LIST OF PROSPECTIVE DIVERS FOR HIS TEAM: LIEUTENANT CRABB (LAURENCE HARVEY) AND THIRD OFFICER JILL MASTERS (DAWN ADDAMS) IN A SCENE FROM ROMULUS FILMS' "THE SILENT ENEMY."



CUTTING THROUGH THE GIBRALTAR BOOM DEFENCE IN A THRILLING UNDERWATER SCENE: A TEAM OF ITALIAN FROGMEN ON ONE OF THEIR "CHARIOTS"—REPLICAS OF WHICH WERE BUILT FOR THIS FILM.



AT THE FUNERAL OF ONE OF HIS MEN: THE ITALIAN FROGMAN LEADER TOMOLINO (ARNOLDO FOA) WITH HIS WIFE CONCHITA (GIANNA MARIA CANALE). THE ITALIANS WERE OPERATING FROM NEUTRAL SPAIN.



ATTEMPTING TO REMOVE A LIMPET MINE FROM THE KEEL OF AN ALLIED SHIP: LIEUTENANT CRABB IN ONE OF THE UNDERWATER SCENES WHICH WERE FILMED IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.



LEAVING THEIR UNDERWATER BASE IN ALGECIRAS FOR AN ATTACK ON AN ALLIED CONVOY IN GIBRALTAR HARBOUR: AN ITALIAN FROGMAN TEAM.



BESIDE THE WRECKAGE OF AN AIRCRAFT SUBMERGED IN THE STRAITS OF GIBRALTAR: A DESPERATE UNDERWATER FIGHT BETWEEN ENGLISH AND ITALIAN FROGMEN. "THE SILENT ENEMY" IS TO HAVE ITS WORLD PREMIERE IN LONDON ON MARCH 6.



A DANGEROUS MISSION COMPLETED: HAVING FOUGHT OFF THE ITALIANS, CRABB AND HIS TEAM MAKE FOR THE SURFACE WITH THE PRECIOUS BRIEF-CASE THEY HAD SET OUT TO RETRIEVE FROM THE SUNKEN BRITISH AIRCRAFT.

The discovery last June of a body in the sea near Portsmouth Harbour, which was later identified as that of Commander Lionel Crabb, R.N.V.R., G.M., came practically on the same day that work began on the film of his wartime exploits as a frogman. "The Silent Enemy," adapted from the book "Commander Crabb," by Marshall Pugh, is produced by Bertram Ostrer and directed by William Fairchild. Starring Laurence Harvey as Crabb, this Romulus film is to have its world première at the Odeon Theatre, Leicester

Square, on March 6, on the occasion of the presentation of the British Film Academy Awards. This exciting British film was largely filmed underwater in the Mediterranean, and includes many thrilling underwater scenes to illustrate the exploits of Crabb and his British frogmen, and the Italian frogmen whose attacks on allied shipping in Gibraltar they were determined to combat. Co-starring with Laurence Harvey are Dawn Addams, John Clements and Michael Craig. "The Silent Enemy" is to be released on March 24.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE CHOICE OF THE WEEK.

SINCE the historical novel is not a line of activity but a special province of the imagination, it is always interesting to meet its laureates on strange ground. Certainly "Coup de Grâce," by Marguerite Yourcenar (translated from the French by Grace Frick; Secker and Warburg; 10s. 6d.), takes us some way back—to the end of the 1914 War, and a wild, unknown corner of Europe. Yet it is superficially in strong contrast with "The Memoirs of Hadrian." That brilliant, rather precious autobiography was not only antique, but very long-drawn; this brilliant, precious little apology is an anecdote. An anecdote in the French tradition—in the manner of "Adolphe."

And indeed on much the same theme; the narrator has killed what he could not love, and become a haunted man. This is a true story, we are told; and fundamentally, so was "Adolphe." But of course the epoch makes a great difference. Adolphe dropped his confession accidentally from a postchaise; Erick von Lhomond recites his in the station buffet at Pisa, while being repatriated to Germany from the Spanish War. Adolphe was soft, though unstable; Erick is iron-hard—a Prussian, aristocratic soldier turned mercenary. Ideologies make him sick, though he has always sided with reaction as a matter of caste; and he begins with a brief excursus on torture. Not that he likes it—but to give the atmosphere of his first campaign. This was with the anti-Bolshevik volunteers in Kurland, and was fought for love. He has Baltic relatives, and had spent golden days on the feudal estate of Kratovitsy, with the gentle, radiant Conrad, his other self. There was also a sister and a half-witted aunt, but they made no odds. Now Kratovitsy is in the fighting line; and he returns to it as an officer. Conrad and the aunt are unchanged; but the old house has become a strong-point, and the "lump of a girl" a young beauty, sombre with humiliation. Yet since she works like a peasant and has no more artifice than a boy, Erick is still seeing her as Conrad's brother when she has come to idolise him. Typically, however, while the romantic Adolphe merely cooled off, the Teutonic hero is a non-starter—a pervert, who has teased Conrad into perversion. But he can't explain to the girl; indeed he is flattered by her passion, and lets her woo him interminably. For Sophie, this is the death of a thousand cuts. Yet in him it is not pure vanity; all the while he is really struggling to love, or not to love her, against his nature. And he was just about to commit himself when she learns the truth. . . .

The end is grim, *outré* and in keeping. Erick and his Teutonic Brotherhood will be remembered; they can't be liked.

OTHER FICTION.

Whereas "The New People," by Meriol Trevor (Macmillan; 15s.), can't help being liked. The author has not that rare kind of magic which seems to evoke the past as it really was: magic like Mary Renault's in "The Last of the Wine." But she is far more than worthy; she can invent a natural world, engaging for its own sake. Here it is Saxon England in the twilight of heathenry. Philo, the bard's daughter, has been carried off by a Saxon raider—only he turns out to be a Frank. Further, he is as Christian as herself—it is twenty years since the coming of Augustine—and wants a wife. To cap the anticlimax, they are well suited. Though she can't think what he used to see in Eadbald, the King of Kent—an uncouth sloven who has apostatised to marry his stepmother, and is always ranting, weeping or having fits. That is her first picture of Ebbo; yet she comes to understand him better than Lodovech, whose prescription for psychic ailments is to snap out of them. And then it is almost impossible not to go too far. Ebbo has a weakness for women; he is intensely pathetic, he is the most endearing figure in the book—and at last a saint. Meanwhile, they have been delivered from temptation. And the story of their three lives is at once elegiac, natural and large.

"The Stowaway," by Simenon (translated by Nigel Ryan; Hamish Hamilton; 11s. 6d.), has not the harsh flavour of other days. It is as mellow as its chief crook—a well-bred Englishman in appearance, and indeed in fact, who lives by cheating at cards. Major Owen, of the impeccable façade and accomplished smile, is past sixty and getting tired; but if all goes well, this last venture in Tahiti should set him up. As indeed it might, but for his fellow-passengers, the French gangster and the girl in the lifeboat. Those two are on the same trail; but Alfred Mougins will have a very different technique. . . . A sentimental but touching story, with a lot of South Sea background—not new, but good.

"Maigret's Little Joke" (translated by Richard Brain; Hamish Hamilton; 11s. 6d.) is equally agreeable. The Inspector is idling in Paris with Mme. Maigret, on condition that he eschews the Quai des Orfèvres. But he can't help thinking about a doctor's wife who was supposed to be at Cannes, and whose body has been found naked in a consulting-room cupboard. Murdered by her husband? By the young locum? A nice background, to an effective, typical little drama.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

"THE time has come," the fellow with the walrus moustache was heard to remark, "to talk of fewer things; a little less about cabbages, and rather more of kings" (bishops, knights, *etcetera*). In other words, the time seems ripe for more chess and fewer notes.

The collection of Smyslov's best games has just appeared, for the first time, in English. It is well known that the new world champion's main strength is in the end-game, and I drew attention months ago to the new flavour his success will impart to the game. This is evidenced in the book. Rarely can such a collection have contained so many long games. Games of forty moves and more predominate; fifty-, sixty-, even seventy-move struggles are to be found.

That he can seize a good enough chance without mercy, however, is made clear in this game from the 1951 U.S.S.R. Championship:

QUEEN'S PAWN GAME, NIEMTSO-INDIAN DEFENCE.

I. LIPNITSKY. V. SMYSLOV

White

Black

1. P-Q4
2. P-QB4
3. Kt-QB3
4. Q-B2Kt-KB3
P-K3
B-Kt5

Still common in those days, but 4. P-K3, overwhelmingly the fashion to-day, was just becoming widely adopted.

4. Kt-B3
5. Kt-B3 P-Q4
6. P-QR3 B x Ktch
7. P x B ?

7. Q x B has been universally played here. Lipnitsky wants to see what happens after 7. P x B; and what happens has effectively scared anybody else out of trying it again since.

7. Kt-QR4!

Seizing, with remarkable positional insight, on the radical defect of White's previous move: it weakens his QB4 square beyond redemption. If 8. Q-R4ch, then 8. . . . P-QB3.

8. Kt-K5 Kt-Q2
9. Kt x Kt B x Kt
10. P x P P x P
11. B-B4 ?

This second blunder is quite fatal. 11. P-K3 was essential.

11. B-Kt4!

White could never seriously consider castling queen's side.

Now, any attempt at normal development of his KB will forfeit him the right to castle on the other; and since he cannot, he doesn't bother!

12. P-KR4 Castles
13. R-QKt1 Q-Q2
14. R-R3 KR-K1
15. R-KKt3 Kt-B5
16. B-R6 P-KKt3
17. Q-B1 Kt-Q3!

Threatening . . . Kt-B4.

18. Q-B4 B-R3
Avoiding a trap: 18. . . . Kt-B4 would have failed against 19. R x B! Kt x R; 20. P x Kt, Q x R; 21. Q-B6, etc.

19. P-K3 Kt-B4
20. B x B P x B
21. R-Kt7 QR-Kt1!

This game is peculiarly illustrative of Smyslov's deep-rooted leaning towards positional rather than material values. See move No. 7 of this game, where he rejected 7. . . . P x P: and now, he does not grab rook for knight. He is adept at keeping alive a nagging threat to seize the material only when it suits him, which has brought about many an opponent's collapse. Just occasionally, he has overdone this cat-and-mouse game. Not here!

22. R x BP R-Kt8ch
23. K-K2 Q-R5!

White resigns. Even 24. K-B3 is no escape from mate. (What is that fluttering noise? Chickens coming home to roost!)

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

FROM GARDEN CALENDAR TO THE BRISTOL OLD VIC.

LADY VYVYAN is fortunate enough to possess a gracious old house and a gracious old garden, a heart to love these things, an intelligence to appreciate them, and the art to pass on these sentiments to her readers. She, and they, are greatly to be envied. In "A Cornish Year" (Peter Owen; 18s.), she drifts placidly—but not too placidly, for neither Nature nor life would encourage that—through a typical year, trying, as she tells us, "to set down the story of my working life and drifting thoughts within this garden." This is how she sums up her philosophy: "One's own garden, however small, should be a home for the mind, a kind of sanctuary, never a museum where visitors feel constrained to pass their quite inadequate

comments on each plant. When a stranger stops to look in silent admiration at some common plant which has been encouraged to spread in all directions; a drift of white snowdrops it may be, or a group of blue grape hyacinths set purposefully beside white daffodils, or even clumps of the Lent-lily dotted about a grassy bank, then I feel my gardening life is not a wholly selfish one. Then I know that my garden can serve, not only for myself alone, as a focal point of beauty, peace and inspiration." There are words and phrases here which have lost currency through misuse so that they have degenerated into sentimentality. Lady Vyvyan, because she is not afraid of them or self-conscious about them, restores that currency to its original gold standard. And the standard is pure gold—all the purer for the refiner's fire of humour, occasionally emitting a white-hot flame, which adds force and power to her quiet mind. "Nor," she reassures us, "shall I ape my suburban aunt who counted her gentians every morning after breakfast in order to boast about them to the Mothers' Union." Her description of tedious visitors is sharp enough to please the most exacting connoisseur of acetic literature. She quotes, for example, from a typical letter she may expect to receive during the summer months: "My mother's dear old friends Professor and Mrs. Snittle will be staying near you from July 15th for six weeks. Do ask them over sometimes, you have so much in common with them seeing what a gardener you are, he is the authority on wood-lice. They are both rather fragile and she is stone deaf but I know you will be kind to them." And there is Elsie Behenna, who calls flowers "jolly boys" and "sweetie-pies"! But for the most part this book meanders through the months, noting climate and colour, change, decay and rebirth, sound, and, above all, silence. Lady Vyvyan's memories are vividly shared. Apart from the snowdrops and the aconites, the bluebells, red-hot pokers, magnolia, and other plants and shrubs in their season, there is always the background of the countryside of North Cornwall, with an occasional excursion further afield, even, as in June, to Venice and Cima Rosetta. The people are as well drawn as the places and things. There is the Recluse, with her medley of learning and eccentric integrity; the tough and companionable Felicia; Ernest, the taciturn gardener; Edith Olivier, with whom the "much more to say and see together" was never said or seen; and the (to the reader) elusive and shadowy Fluminetta, "linked in my life with every moment of happiness, every glimpse of beauty, every impulse to good action or kindly thought." Goodness and beauty and happiness abound in this book. Minds as troubled as Prospero's will find peace again by walking a turn or two in Lady Vyvyan's garden.

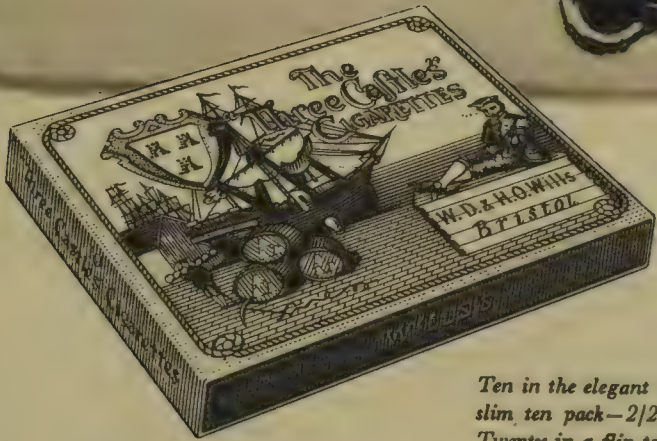
Gardens and caves are, I suppose, linked, and certainly the author of "The Painted Caves" (Phoenix; 30s.), Mr. Geoffrey Grigson, shares a seeing eye with Lady Vyvyan. Even readers who cannot distinguish Magdalenians from Aurignacians—and anything much over 10,000 B.C. tends to confuse me—will greatly enjoy the author's perceptive descriptions of Old Stone Age art which he saw in his travels to the European caves, from Lascaux to Altamira, including many not as famous. Of the animals there depicted he writes: "Absolute purity of line on rock, which was also once clean and white, encloses and conveys muzzle and horn and limb, the animal character and the sex character, the slenderness and tenderness of the cows, the sullenness, heaviness, and masculinity of the bull." The style may be a little odd, but the book is

full of these good things.

Art leads to drama, and to the disappointment which the most eager theatregoers often experience when they read books about the stage. Of two this week, "The Bristol Old Vic" (J. Garnet Miller; 25s.), by Audrey Williamson and Charles Landstone, is the better. The two authors write antiphonally, in a manner which is less confusing than it sounds, about the first ten years in the history of the successful resurrection of the Theatre Royal, Bristol. The second is "The Lunts" (Rockliff; 21s.), by George Freedley, who is, I am told, a leading American critic. Alas! he has thought of no better way to inform his readers about this talented and enchanting pair of actors than to plough about among their press-cuttings with scissors and paste.

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THE WORLD OF MOTORING.

CAR OF THE MONTH—THE WOLSELEY 1500.

By LIEUT.-COLONEL A. G. DOUGLAS CLEAVE, B.Sc., A.M.I.MECH.E.

WHEN the Wolseley 1500 was announced nearly a year ago it aroused much interest amongst knowledgeable motorists because it incorporates an unusual combination of orthodox features. In the first place it is a small car, with the same wheelbase and track as those of the Morris Minor, in fact; but it has a degree of refinement in finish not usually associated with small cars:

Secondly, it is powered by the B.M.C. B-series 1½-litre engine, so that it is a small car with a big heart. Then it has a close-ratio, four-speed gear-box with the short, stubby, centrally placed gear-lever beloved of the enthusiasts and an unusually high final drive ratio of 3.73 to 1. Add to these technical features the torsion bar front springing and the rack and pinion steering of the Minor, which have helped that little car to establish such a reputation for good road-holding, and it becomes obvious that the Wolseley 1500 should be outstanding in its class.

Another point of some importance is that the B-series engine is not used in its more highly developed form with a compression ratio of 8.3 to 1 and two carburettors, but with the comparatively modest compression ratio of 7.2 to 1 and a single S.U. semi-downdraught carburettor. The engine, therefore, is not highly stressed and is particularly smooth-running and flexible, so that there is no need to have frequent recourse to the gear-box as one might expect from the high axle ratio.

At the same time, as the engine develops 50 b.h.p. at 4200 r.p.m., and the weight of the car is only about 18½ cwt., the power to weight ratio is reasonably high. Acceleration is, accordingly, quite brisk when required and from rest a speed of 30 m.p.h. can be attained in 6 seconds or a fraction over, and 25 seconds is sufficient for the car to reach a mile-a-minute gait.

The gear ratios seem to be well chosen, and as the engine is capable of quite high r.p.m. without showing signs of roughness a speed of nearly 30 m.p.h. is possible on first gear, of about 46 m.p.h. on second, and of 70 m.p.h. on third. In normal driving one would not use these maxima and would probably change up at between 10 and 15 m.p.h. on first, between 20 and 30 m.p.h. on second, and anywhere between 30 and 60 m.p.h. on third. So handled, the 1500 will quite easily put 40 miles into the hour without the driver realising it.

These figures are quoted to give some idea of what the car can do if required, and it must not be imagined that the leisurely driver must constantly be changing gear. The flexibility of the engine has been mentioned, and it is quite willing to run smoothly at 15 m.p.h. in traffic and to accelerate from that low speed on top gear, provided the throttle is opened progressively. The gear-change is so easy by the short rigid lever, however, that even the novice driver would quickly learn to drop into third gear for acceleration. Apart from its useful acceleration, the 1500 has a very creditable top-gear performance and will cruise quietly and without seeming effort at 60 to 70 m.p.h. whenever road conditions allow. Given a sufficient distance it will work up to a maximum of 80 m.p.h.

Performance such as this demands good brakes, of course, and whereas the Minor has 7-in.-diameter drums at front and rear the 1500 has 9-in. drums at the front and 8-in. at the rear, with two leading shoes in the front drums. The result is excellent, both in ordinary braking and when an emergency stop is simulated, without calling for more than normal pedal pressure. Brake fade was not experienced when the car was driven hard for an hour.

Suspension and road-holding are in keeping with the lively performance. Despite the short wheelbase there is no fore-and-aft pitching, and even over bad road surfaces there is no feeling of discomfort. When cornered fast the degree of roll is commendably small, and the car holds its course exactly. The rack and pinion steering is light and precise.

Opinions vary as to the appearance of the 1500, but bearing in mind the difficulty of accommodating a four-door four-seater saloon on such a short wheelbase the balance between æsthetic and practical considerations appears to have been nicely struck. The individual and easily adjustable front seats are comfortable, and the doors are wide enough and open far enough to make access to the seats easy. The rear seat also provides sufficient space for the comfort of two passengers of normal stature for serious touring, although the knee-room might not be quite as much as a rugged full-back would like.

Visibility for the driver is good both ahead and astern, and the driving position in relation to the controls is natural, so that one feels at ease. Pendant pedals are conveniently placed, the gear-lever is well within reach without stretching for it, and the sensible brake-lever lies almost horizontally between the front seats. The 16½-in.-diameter steering-wheel has a dished centre which carries the horn switch and its three spokes do not obstruct sight of the speedometer. The self-cancelling switch for the flashing turn indicators is within fingertip reach just below the wheel rim.

The finish of the interior strikes a high standard for small cars, with leather upholstery in a distinctive style and polished walnut for the fascia and window cappings. Glove lockers at the ends of the fascia flank a central panel which carries the speedometer and a matching dial incorporating oil pressure gauge, fuel gauge and radiator thermometer. In the centre of this panel provision is made for the fitting of car radio.

Other standardised fittings include arm-rests on the rear doors which also serve as door pulls, ashtrays in both front doors, a central ashtray for the rear passengers, and two sun-visors. The doors have fixed handles with push-button lock release, and both front doors can be locked from outside. The roof lamp has independent and automatic switches operated by the front doors.

Optional equipment includes a screen washer, with which the test car was fitted. This proved invaluable on wet roads because the screen seems particularly prone to collecting mud spray, possibly because of the low bonnet line, although the fact remains that, thanks to its lively performance, one is frequently overtaking other vehicles. With occasional use of the washer the screen is easily kept clean, however.

The test car also had the optional 3½-kilowatt Smith heater which appreciably added to comfort when the external temperature was a little below freezing. Hinged ventilating panels to the front windows proved to have an extractor action when slightly open.

Altogether the 1500 has quite a special appeal by reason of its refinement and its outstanding performance. The high axle ratio gives fast cruising without any fussiness from the engine, the road speed is 18½ m.p.h. on top gear at 1000 r.p.m., and it also makes possible very economical petrol consumption figures.

At an average speed of 40 m.p.h. the fuel consumption proved to be 40 m.p.g., but this would undoubtedly be bettered by less use of the capabilities the car possesses.

The boot provides 11 cub. ft. of luggage space which is unencumbered by the spare wheel, carried in its own locker beneath the boot floor. This is generous for a small car.

A wide choice of single- or two-tone colour schemes is offered, and the price, including purchase tax, is £796 7s., the basic price being £530 and tax £266 7s., while duotone finish is an extra £15.

MOTORING NOTES

"W.O."—the Autobiography of W. O. Bentley

Of the many books that have been written on one aspect or another of the motor-car few can equal in interest, and I doubt if any can surpass, the latest, "W.O." (Hutchinson and Co.; 21s.). As this is the autobiography of W. O. Bentley it is also necessarily the story of the Bentley car, and as such

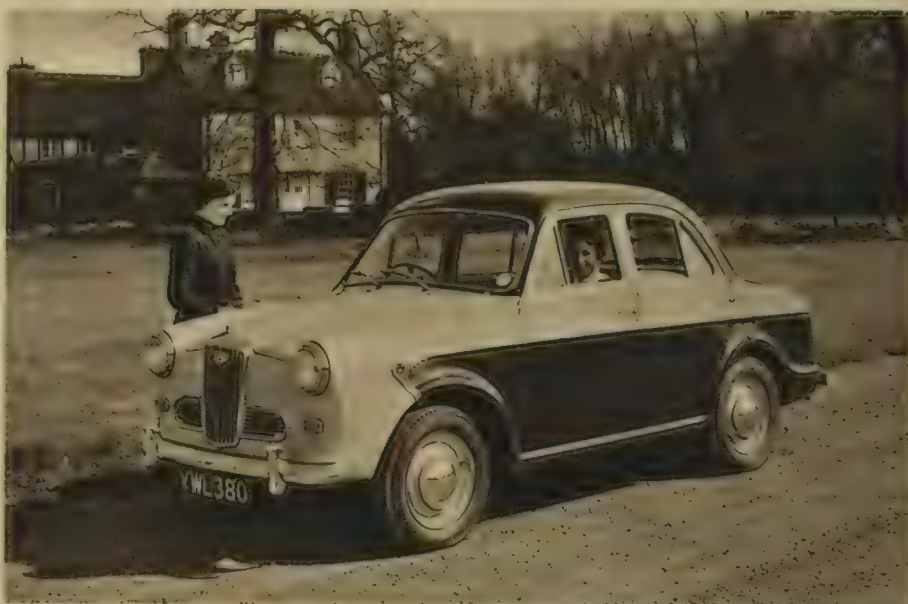
it will undoubtedly interest the younger generation as well as their elders. The youngsters may be surprised to learn what their elders will well remember, that W. O. Bentley also invented the B.R.1 and B.R.2 rotary aero engines of the First World War.

Perhaps I am a prejudiced judge of the book, my activities during a part of the period dealt with having brought me in contact with the author and with many of the colourful personalities who appear in its pages, but having commenced to read it I found myself quite unable to set it aside. From his early days as an apprentice in the old Great Northern Railway works at Doncaster, through the "roaring twenties" when the Bentley car and the "Bentley Boys" so frequently hit the headlines, until the time when Rolls-Royce and Lagonda come into the picture, I followed the plain unvarnished story of "W. O.'s" life with unflagging interest.

The twenty-eighth International Geneva Motor Show, which is to be held from March 13 to 23, will have exhibits from sixteen countries, and will be the largest yet held. A special feature will be a display of the famous racing cars of the past fifty years from Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy and Switzerland.

A large entry is expected for the R.A.C.'s seventh British International Rally to be held from March 11 to 15. For the benefit of foreign competitors a starting-point has been arranged at Le Touquet, and starting-points in this country are Hastings and Blackpool. This year the emphasis will be on special tests of speed, acceleration, braking and manoeuvring, and route-finding and navigational tests will not be included.

A special sub-committee is to be set up by the Standing Joint Committee of the R.A.C., the A.A., and the Royal Scottish A.C. to investigate problems involved in the administration of London traffic.



"A SMALL CAR WITH A BIG HEART": THE WOLSELEY 1500, WHICH, WITH THE SAME WHEELBASE AND TRACK AS THOSE OF THE MORRIS MINOR, IS POWERED BY THE B.M.C. B-SERIES 1½-LITRE ENGINE. THE 1500 HAS A DEGREE OF REFINEMENT IN FINISH UNUSUAL IN SMALL CARS.

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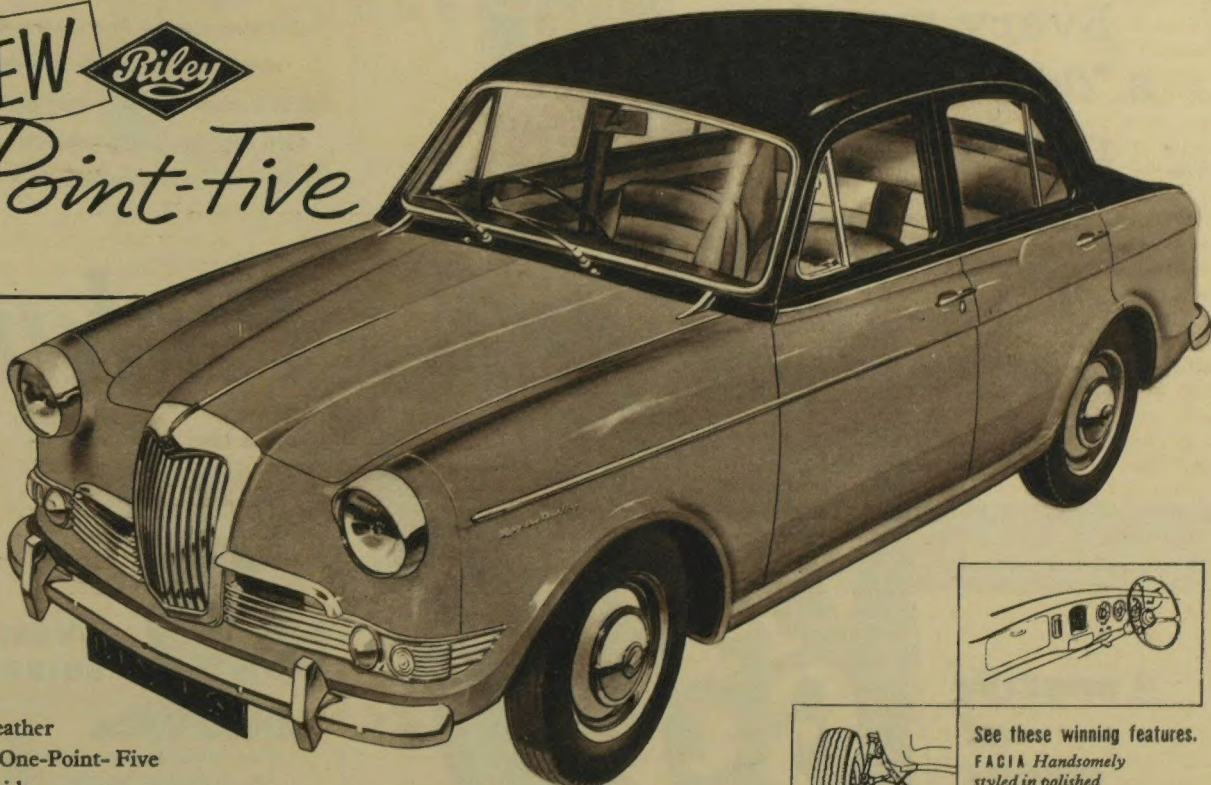


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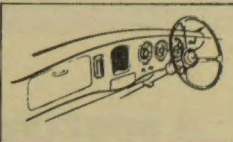
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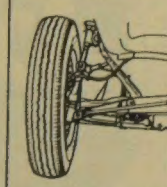
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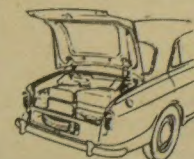


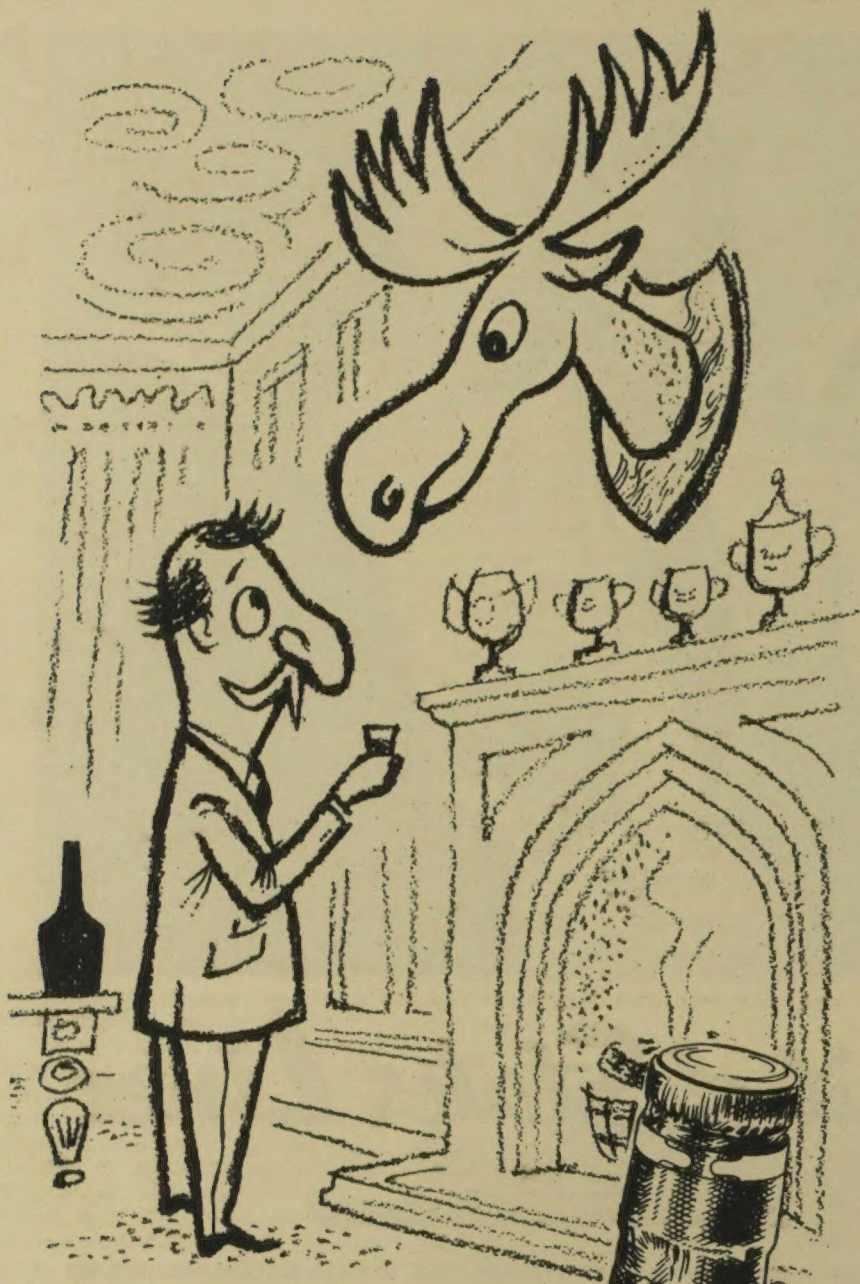
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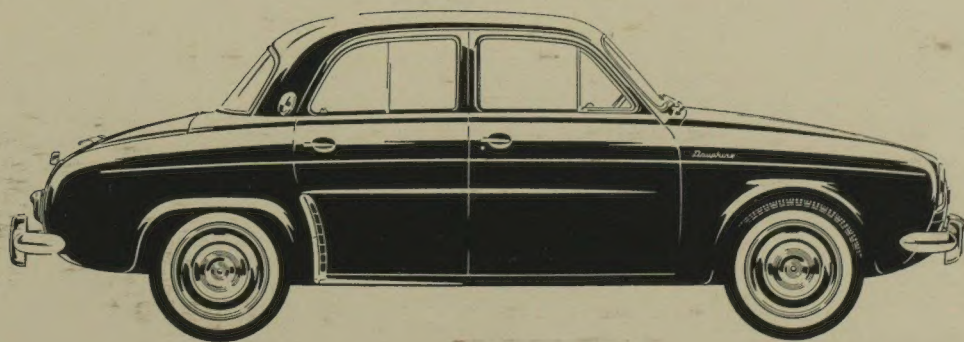
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